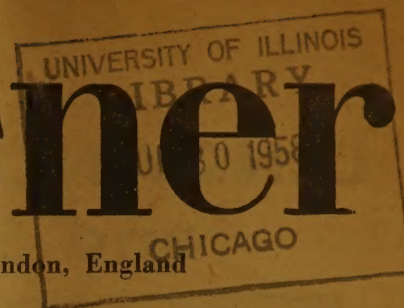


The Listener

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E. W. Tattersall

Evening on the beach at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, where the annual festival of music and arts opens this week

In this number:

Will the Railways Ever Pay? (J. R. Sargent)

Telephone Tapping: Law and Practice (H. W. R. Wade)

How to Collect Pictures on Modest Means (Geoffrey Agnew)

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:					
Will the Railways Ever Pay? (J. R. Sargent) ...	963	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	978		
Southern Rhodesia: a Test Election (Colin Leys) ...	965	GARDENING: Nerine, Amaryllis, and Primula (F. H. Streeter) ...	982		
The Middle East and the Decay of Islam (Douglas Stuart) ...	967	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:			
THE LISTENER:		From Richard Peters, George Richards, Professor Adam			
American English ...	968	Patrick, Lt.-Col. Sir Stewart Symes, P. Johnson Marshall,			
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	968	J. F. West, and William Purcell ...	983		
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		ART: Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	984		
Memories of a Cricketer (John Arlott) ...	969	LITERATURE:			
The Apaches Go into Business (Douglas Willis) ...	969	The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	985		
Try, Try, Try Again (W. R. Rodgers) ...	969	New Novels (Honor Tracy) ...	988		
The Colours of the Regiment (Jocelyn Bradford) ...	970	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:			
LAW IN ACTION:		Television Documentary (Anthony Curtis) ...	990		
Telephone Tapping: Law and Practice (H. W. R. Wade) ...	971	Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ...	990		
HOBBIES:		Sound Drama (Roy Walker) ...	991		
How to Collect Pictures on Modest Means (Geoffrey Agnew) ...	973	The Spoken Word (K. W. Gransden) ...	992		
EDUCATION:		Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	992		
Training Intellect and Character (Richard Peters) ...	975	MUSIC: Delius—Twenty Years After (Donald Mitchell) ...	993		
RELIGION: The Christian Commonwealth (Canon Charles Smyth) ...	977	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	995		
		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	995		
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,463 ...	995		

Will the Railways Ever Pay?

By J. R. SARGENT

WE are all guilty of the slow strangulation of the railways. While with one hand we belabour them for their financial incontinence, with the other we bind them to a charging policy which makes it inevitable. There is a deep inconsistency in a public attitude which requires the railways to maintain services which do not pay, and at the same time, in the face of fierce competition, to reach an overall balance in their accounts. The pity is that this inconsistency was beginning to be realised when all eyes were diverted to the railways' plan for modernisation and re-equipment, and there have remained fixed in the hope of financial salvation. My own belief, however, is that, beautiful as the prospect may be of getting the railways into the twentieth century before the beginning of the twenty-first, we shall be deluding ourselves if we think that to modernise the railways will be enough to make them pay.

Let it be clear that I am not discounting the need for the modernisation plan. It is, after all, despite the massive expenditure it involves—some £1,200,000,000 over fifteen years—a comparatively modest proposal. It must be seen against the background of the steady running-down of the railways' assets, amounting to about a quarter of the total between 1938 and 1953; a deterioration which has been met only by continuing to use equipment that is either obsolete or has passed the end of its normal life. Nor is the plan based upon any extravagant hopes for the railways' future. It foresees the railways running in 1970 a slightly smaller mileage than in 1954, and that at a date by which we can reasonably hope that the national income will be bigger by a quarter than it is now. The railways expect to play a reduced role in the country's transport at a considerably reduced cost, the economies being found mainly in the direct costs of train movement as a result of the changes to be made in motive power, from steam to diesel or electric traction, and in methods of operation. Whether the railways' experts have made

good guesses of the size of the economies that can be expected, I cannot tell. I wonder whether they take enough account of the element of protection that the railways enjoy in present conditions from the congested state of the roads, which one hopes will have been relieved by the time the plan comes to full fruition, with the result that some of today's rail traffic will then be found to be going by road. The likelihood of this is increased by the fact that the plan for the expansion of the road system, which saw the light of day at almost exactly the same time as the plan for the modernisation of the railways, gives prominence to the construction and improvement of trunk roads. For this means that the competitive power of the roads will be particularly strengthened for the carriage of those heavy and regular flows of traffic to which the railways are specially well suited, although they are prevented by their charging policy from winning them.

It would have been far more to the point if it had been planned to expand the road system primarily for the purpose of fitting it to carry the traffics which, on considerations of relative costs, the railways should discard; a policy which would have involved spending a much larger proportion of the available funds on improving the approaches to large towns from the areas of which they are the centre and on removing the bottlenecks in the large towns themselves. But as things are the railways must reckon that they will get less protection from the congested state of the roads.

While this defence crumbles, the railways are particularly open to attack from another quarter. Productivity is apt to rise slowly in comparison with other industries. Between 1950 and 1954, for example, according to the calculations of the Economic Commission for Europe, output per man on the British railways increased by less than 1½ per cent. per year, whereas output per man in the economy as a whole increased by 2 per cent. per year. If we make the somewhat optimistic assumption that money wages rise no faster than output per man in the economy as a whole, so that wage-cost per unit of output remains constant

in the economy as a whole, it will still be the case that wage-cost per unit of output on the railways will tend to rise.

This could be avoided only if the railways' staff could be persuaded to be content with increases of money wages of the same order as the increase of output per man on the railways, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per year, or less than the national average. But if this were so, though the staff might be content, it would also be disappearing. Owing to the attractive power of better-paid industries, railway wages would have to rise at a rate nearer to the national average and exceeding the rate of increase of railway productivity. For this reason, in common with other service industries where dramatic increases of productivity are hard to come by, the railways are likely to have to live with continual pressure on their wage-cost per unit of output and thus on their ability to pay.

A Deep-rooted Disability

There is, however, another financial disability from which the railways suffer, much more deep-rooted and much more difficult to shift. This disability derives from the public's conception of how the railways ought to behave in fixing the pattern of their charges. It is widely held that the railways are 'a public service', and they themselves accept the obligation that the title implies, acknowledging (in the words of the Transport Commission) that 'there is, in a sense, a "social contract" between all those who use the services to average out the cost over the periods of time and flows of traffic'.

The cost of carrying a passenger or a ton of merchandise for a given distance varies enormously in different circumstances, either by road or by rail though more by rail. In one instance that was quoted in an application to the Transport Tribunal concerning railway goods charges, the cost was estimated to vary from £3 to £30 according to circumstances. If the railways could vary their charges in like fashion, all would be well for their finances. But this would be considered an infringement of their obligations as a public service; and in obedience to these they keep a more uniform charge, with the result that some of their services run at a loss which must be recouped from the other services whose comparatively low cost is (for this reason) not reflected in a correspondingly low charge. There is, in other words, a large element of cross-subsidisation of unremunerative from remunerative services.

But why should this matter? It matters because the railways have many competitors who are not burdened with similar public-service obligations. Because they have no unremunerative services to support, these competitors do not need to make as high a profit as the railways do on the services where costs are relatively low, and are consequently in a position to undercut the railway charge. This chill wind of unequal competition erodes the financial topsoil on which the railways hope to raise enough to feed the loss-making services which public opinion expects them to subsidise. The conditions of competition between a public service like the railways and other providers of transport who do not have the same obligations—'free-lance providers', I shall call them—are bound to be unequal and to lead the public service into fundamental difficulties in paying its way.

It would be utterly wrong to think that modernisation can make the unremunerative services pay. A recent illustration of the size of the problem, which also puts modernisation in perspective, is given by the results of the experimental diesel car service introduced between Banbury and Bletchley. On this cross-country line receipts have risen by three to four times, and costs have been cut by about a third; but (in the words of the Central Transport Consultative Committee) 'the working loss is still so great that, although there may be other reasons for retaining the service, there are certainly none on the traffic figures alone'. The 'other reasons' adumbrated by the committee no doubt represent its genuflection towards the public's opinion of the railways' obligations. Diesel cars are one of the white hopes of those who think that the railways can be made to pay; my whitest hope is that they will not become white elephants.

Hope is also keenly placed in the closing of branch lines, but while this policy should be pushed ahead as fast as possible it cannot conceivably be the financial saviour that is required. From

closures up to the end of 1957 it is estimated that the annual savings are less than £2,000,000, which is only a fraction of the railways' present deficit. In any case, unremunerative services must not be identified with branch lines; they are far wider in their extent. There are, for example, the stopping services along the main lines. There are the daily and seasonal peaks of demand upon the railway system, which require the existence and maintenance of a volume of capacity which is grossly under-utilised all the rest of the time; capacity whose cost is not visited upon those who travel at the peak, but spread over the railway service as a whole. There are the occasions when the traffic flows heavily in one direction and lightly in the reverse direction, so that empty running occurs and the cost per ton-mile or passenger-mile is high compared to what it is in conditions of balanced traffic. In other words, among the circumstances which occasion abnormally high costs in railway transport, branch lines are probably the least important. There are many others to which public opinion compels the railways to apply a subsidy, with the result that elsewhere they cannot quote charges which are as competitive as their costs.

It will be said: 'But the railways have been given a way of escape from this difficulty by the new charging policy prescribed by the 1953 Transport Act'. It is true that this Act has conferred upon the railways a piece of theoretical freedom which they did not formerly possess. The Charges Schemes which they are to submit for the approval of the Transport Tribunal are to provide only for maximum, not for actual or standard, charges. In theory, therefore, they can seek approval for a maximum charge for each service which will be high enough to cover their costs in the most unfavourable circumstances in which the service will have to be provided. If this maximum is approved, there will be nothing to prevent them from arranging their charges within it as they wish, raising them so as to cover costs on the services that are now unremunerative and lowering them towards cost elsewhere in order to retrieve the traffic that, on grounds of relative cost, is properly theirs.

I believe that this increase of freedom is largely theoretical; in practice the railways will not find themselves permitted by public opinion to make much of it. Indeed, they will probably be reluctant to try. In the first of the Charges Schemes laid before the Transport Tribunal under the 1953 Act the maximum charges for which the railways asked approval were such that they estimated that they would still have to carry some 10 per cent. of their goods traffic at a loss; and the level of these charges was still further reduced by the Tribunal itself. For passenger traffic it is even less likely that the railways will be able to avail themselves of their theoretical freedom to re-align their charges with costs. We have only to recall the affair of the 1951 Passenger Charges Scheme, when the Minister of Transport himself stepped in as the champion of an enraged public opinion to thwart the efforts of the Transport Commission to remove some obvious anomalies in the pattern of fares.

Charging According to Cost?

In this respect the general public, even including those who in other respects consider themselves revolutionary, is apt to be extremely conservative. Can anyone believe that the public would be prepared to pay more to travel the same distance by a stopping train than by a fast train? They would regard it as fair that they should pay less for the slower service; but charging according to cost would have it the other way round. Can anyone believe that the public would be prepared to pay substantially more to travel at the time of the peak than in off-peak periods? They would regard it as fair that they should pay less for being treated like sardines; but charging according to cost would have it the other way round.

Cross-subsidisation and the provision of unremunerative services must be taken as permanent features of the railway scene. If this is so, then we must also take as a permanent feature of the scene the financial difficulties of the railways which are the result. For the railways will have to continue to charge more than cost on some of their services for the purpose of subsidising others; and where they charge more than cost they will continue to be vulnerable to competition from 'free-lance providers' of transport who have no obligation to anyone to provide any service that does not pay. There is still, of course, the system of licensing,

which controls entry into the business of road haulage and of road passenger transport. This restrictive arrangement is justified on the grounds that it protects the economy from some of the uneconomic, and the railways from some of the financial, consequences of the weak competitive position in which the railways are put by their public obligations. But this licensing system has been partially relaxed and in any case is breaking down. The 1953 Act has made it easier to obtain a licence to operate a road haulage business. But probably more significant than this is the rapid growth of the 'do-it-yourself' movement in transport, in the shape of those businesses that run their own lorries—the C-licence holders—and of the private motorist.

As the country gradually becomes richer, the convenience of maintaining one's own transport will be something that more and more people will be able to afford; and this type of free-lance competition will be at least as serious a menace to the railways as that of the established road hauliers and bus companies. I do not believe that it will be possible to prevent the breakdown of the present licensing system by extending it to cover the C-licence holder and the private car. To regulate the use of private cars is politically inconceivable. To restrict the issue of C-licences (which at present is freely made) is a notion which has admittedly been conceived, but which I am convinced will perish not long after it is born, as did a similar proposal at the time when the Transport Act of 1947 was being written.

Apart from these practical considerations, a more restrictive system of licensing for road transport would be bad in itself. For it would do nothing to prevent those who had managed to penetrate the ring-fence from exploiting the favourable competitive position given to them by the railways' obligations to maintain unremunerative services. And if the ring-fence was made high enough to make the railways' finances strong, the sanction against inefficiency on the railways and in licensed road transport itself would be seriously weakened.

If, then, the railways must maintain unremunerative services which make it difficult for them to compete, if the number of free-lance providers of transport with whom they must compete is likely to continue growing, and if it is out of the question to restrict the growth of free-lance transport sufficiently, then what? I believe that the time has come to grasp the nettle, and subsidise

the unremunerative services of the railways. A railway subsidy will seem to many so obviously the work of the devil that I must hurriedly cover my cloven hoof.

In the first place, I am not proposing a blanket subsidy, but one made up of specific subsidies to each of the unremunerative services which some public authority, such as the Transport Tribunal, decides should be maintained. I envisage the railways as operating a general policy of aligning charges for their different services with their costs; but as this goes on there will be protests from the public against the upward adjustment of this or that rate, which can then be made the subject of an appeal to the Tribunal. The Tribunal should decide whether there is a good case for preventing the rate from rising to its remunerative level, and fix the subsidy accordingly, if it decides that there is. There would be no general underwriting of the railways' costs, but a case-by-case scrutiny.

In the second place, anyone who is shocked by the idea of a subsidy should remember that it would not be a question of presenting the railways with a feather bed, but only of changing the type of mattress that they are used to. For since the beginning of the 'thirties it has been public policy to protect them by restricting the freedom to establish competing services by road. The fact that this method of protection is now breaking down under the trend for more and more businesses and individuals to provide their own transport presents us with the opportunity to find a better. Given that some protection for the railways is necessary, in view of the fact that their competitive power is hamstrung by their obligation to provide unremunerative services, it is far better that this should be given openly by a subsidy whose size is known than by a licensing system whose effect no one can measure.

There is a further point. Once the losses on the unremunerative services of the railways are taken care of by subsidy, the railways will be in a position to reduce the charges on their other services nearer to their costs. Consequently the need for a licensing system in road transport (except to ensure standards of safety and conditions of work) will disappear, and entry into road transport can safely be left to whether the road operators can successfully compete with the railways. This should provide a much more effective sanction against inefficiency on the railways than the present system in its heyday ever did.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

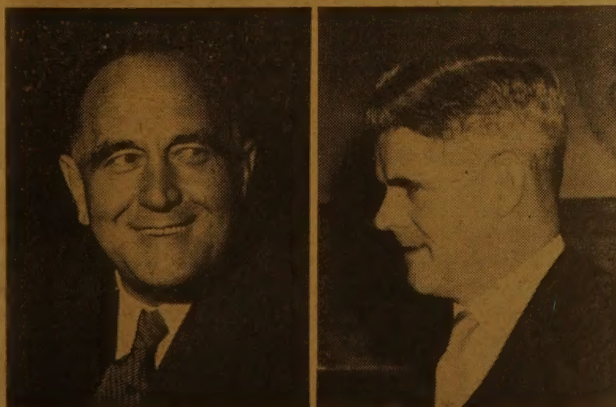
Southern Rhodesia: a Test Election

By COLIN LEYS

THE election held on June 5 was certainly the most important one ever held in Southern Rhodesia. It was also an event which in the long run will have a significance far beyond Southern Rhodesia's own borders. For Southern Rhodesia is the dominant member of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which was launched in 1953 as a 'unique experiment in partnership between the races'. It has received a great deal of publicity as proving that the Western way of life has finished with all pretensions of racial superiority and intends increasingly to apply its liberal and egalitarian principles without any distinction of colour. This election has been widely regarded as a test of that claim, because the main challenge came from a party which was openly committed to a policy of white supremacy; and, since it has failed to dislodge the Government, the result will also be widely regarded as a victory for the partnership ideal. Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Prime Minister, has already claimed as much. But I

wonder if this is true? The bare facts are plain enough. The United Federal Party, or U.F.P., now has seventeen out of the thirty seats in the Assembly, and the Dominion Party, its main challenger, has risen from five seats to thirteen. The loser in this process has been a third party, the United Rhodesia Party, led by the former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Todd. With seven seats in the old House it ran twenty-three candidates at this election; not one of them was returned.

The complete defeat of Mr. Todd's party obviously puts the U.F.P. victory in a different light. He formed the United Rhodesia Party after he had been ousted from the U.F.P. on the grounds that he was, as his critics in the party alleged, an 'ultra-liberal'. Mr. Todd's record cannot possibly be described as 'ultra-liberal'. The measure which did most to earn him this label was the extension of the franchise to a possible total, in 1958, of some 6,000-9,000 Africans, out of an African population of nearly 2,500,000, which he did on the grounds that refusal to do



Sir Roy Welensky (left) and Mr. R. S. Garfield Todd

so might endanger the stability of the regime. This was indeed a courageous stand for a European politician to take, and it cost him his political career; but in this country we have hardly seen an ultra-liberal like him since Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. If Mr. Todd was too liberal for the U.F.P., its leanings towards liberalism cannot be described as pronounced; what, then, is the real difference between it and the Dominion Party? The Dominion Party's public statements were in guarded terms, but the essence of its policy was to guarantee permanent European control. It rejected the doctrine of partnership, for example, and in one policy statement declared that 'for the foreseeable future, political control must remain in the hands of the Europeans'.

Strange Similarity of Appeal

But if you compared the programmes of the Dominion Party and the U.F.P., they seemed to differ very little. You could have interchanged virtually all their social and economic policies and scarcely noticed the difference, while what they had to say about race relations appeared to be largely a matter of difference of emphasis. A good instance of this strange similarity of appeal occurred when in the course of the election campaign the U.F.P. went out of its way to dissociate itself from the Federal Chief Justice who had made a speech in which he looked forward to a day when the schools might possibly be desegregated. And on the other side of the picture there was the curious fact that early in the campaign a fourth party emerged for a time, calling itself the Confederate Party, and attacked the Dominion Party for not pursuing a policy of white supremacy which was nearly frank enough. The fact is that from the point of view of the Africans, the Dominion Party and U.F.P. positions presented no very sharp contrast, and this is the really significant—and, to my mind, deeply tragic—feature of the election. Mr. Todd's all too moderately progressive party was annihilated, and the U.F.P. kept its hold on office only because it could claim, and with justice, that it had purged itself of Mr. Todd and all his works.

This view of what has happened will not be popular. A vast amount has been staked on the success of British policy in Central Africa. No expression of friendly sentiment has been spared to help the launching of this frail craft; nearly all commentators have striven to be encouraging and optimistic, and to minimise all indications of failure, as if the whole thing could be floated to success on a sheer flood of goodwill. But this universal emphasis on benevolence and faith and patience has led to a paralysis of intelligent appraisal. About a fortnight ago *The Times* said that a Dominion Party victory would cause a shock in Great Britain, and when the result became known it recorded the defeat of Mr. Todd's party as a shock as well. But why should these things come as shocks? Only because people have been conditioned to think that such things will not happen. But the truth is, I believe, that such things are bound to happen; and what is really tragic is that whatever party wins an election in Southern Rhodesia, it is bound to be at bottom committed against any substantial measure of liberal change; and what is more, a periodic shift by all parties in the direction of white supremacy was and is more or less inevitable. The real tragedy consists, if you like, in the fact that Central Africa has been advertised as a test of Western values in circumstances in which those values have little chance of surviving.

Consider the facts of the situation. In Southern Rhodesia the system of government is democratic, with regular free elections; but the Africans have been excluded from it by being in fact, if not in theory, excluded from the franchise. Yet the natural opposition is inevitably African, both because Africans are the poorest section of the population—their income per head is about a thirtieth of the *per capita* income of the Europeans—and because there is a wide variety of laws, such as the land apportionment law and the pass laws, which discriminate against them. Their exclusion from the political mechanism therefore creates a vacuum where the natural opposition should be. The mechanism is designed for the alternation of power between parties representing European interests; but so long as the Africans are virtually excluded, why should the party in office ever be dislodged by any other European party?

The difficulties in the way are plain. The European population has one of the highest standards of living in the world. It is extremely homogeneous socially, and the fact that it lives a

segregated life among an African population over ten times as large increases its sense of racial solidarity. There are some divisions of economic interest within the European population, but to a quite exceptional degree these are regulated by protective laws and conventions in such a way as to prevent the living standards of any European group falling far below the average. In consequence, economic issues seldom become political issues, and this explains why, on social and economic matters, the parties' policies are all so alike.

There is only one effective way for a European party to dislodge another European party, and that is to appeal to fears of African competition, to paint the party in office as one which, although it is not elected by Africans, really represents them; in contrast to one's own party, which is pictured as the only fit guardian of European racial interests.

This is not just a game. The fears which are appealed to are real, and the European politicians who appeal to them share those fears themselves. The vacuum created by the exclusion of Africans is thus filled by a synthetic opposition: synthetic, because no party could possibly afford really to represent the opposition of the Africans, since it depends on the votes of Europeans. This is why the U.F.P. leant over backwards to prevent this role being foisted on it by the Dominion Party; it jettisoned Mr. Todd and emphasised the completeness of the differences between itself and him, even going so far as to describe him and his followers as 'leftist'.

There is nothing new in this situation. In the twenty-five years of Responsible Government in Southern Rhodesia, seven main parties have challenged the party in office, and this appeal to European racial fear is the one thing they have all had in common. It has taken various forms, the most important being a call for a higher rate of European immigration, for making European dominance on the voters' roll more secure, and for the removal of the constitutional checks which in theory (but only in theory) still allow Britain to prevent the passage of discriminatory laws. The Dominion Party relied on all of these; and it was like its predecessors in that the *explicitness* of its appeal to racial sentiment was really the thing which distinguished it from the U.F.P. As in previous elections, too, the important point about the result is not that the Dominion Party failed to win by this appeal—this has actually happened only once before, in 1933—but that the U.F.P. succeeded in keeping enough of this same appeal for itself.

Tightening European Control

As the centre of gravity of European politics shifts, the outcome for the African population is always ultimately an unending tightening of the apparatus of European control. The European party in office may be able to retain power by undertaking to defend the *status quo*; but change can take place in only one direction. I believe it is an illusion to think that either the U.F.P. or any other party, let alone one led by Mr. Todd, will at some future date win an election on a positive platform of renewed liberalism.

But what about the obviously vital question of the new electoral law which was passed last year? I have already said that it was this which cost Mr. Todd the leadership of the U.F.P. It was calculated to allow up to about 9,000 Africans to qualify for a vote this year. Since there are about 52,000 Europeans voters, this would not have given the Africans control, but many people thought that it would make all the difference to the balance of power. In fact, only just under 1,700 African voters were registered for this election. Many of them were waiting to register until the constituency boundaries were fixed; in this way they hoped to register later on and actually to be in a majority in one or two seats, but the dissolution of the Assembly some six months sooner than had been expected caught them unprepared. Optimists argue, therefore, that another time the presence of Africans will swing the balance back in favour of a more liberal European party.

But I doubt if this hope will be fulfilled. In the first place, the figure of 9,000 was largely guesswork, and in my opinion was considerably too high. Secondly, the Africans who have incomes large enough to qualify are almost all concentrated in the densely populated native locations on the edge of the main towns. Unless the constituency boundaries were deliberately

gerrymandered, the most likely effect of their voting in larger numbers, especially in view of the fate of Mr. Todd, would be the participation of independent African candidates backed by the African National Congress, and this would be quite as likely to strengthen the Dominion Party's appeal to European racial fears as to benefit the U.F.P. Finally, I think that the future of the new electoral law must be regarded as still uncertain. The Dominion Party was pledged to repeal it, although the law itself was careful to impose a virtual ceiling on the Africans' share of the roll of one-sixth. We should not forget the removal of first the Cape African and then the Cape Coloured voters from the common roll in the Union of South Africa, an inevitable outcome, in my view, of the European party conflict. Unless a much larger scale admission of Africans is somehow imposed from outside, which now seems highly improbable, it is hard to see how the system will be released from the steady propulsion towards white supremacism which is implied by regular electoral appeals to an electorate which is almost wholly white.

The parallel between the situations in Southern Rhodesia and the Union is striking. People sometimes suppose that the Nationalists in the Union have been able to gain and keep control because they are a party of Afrikaners, and Afrikaners form a majority of the electorate. But a more profound reason is that the Nationalists have successfully captured the initiative in appealing to the racial fears of Afrikaans- and English-speaking Europeans alike. It is this which explains the fact that there has been no swing back to the United Party since 1948; on the contrary, the Nationalists have gone from strength to strength, fomenting by their policies the very tensions on which their next appeal to racial fear will be based.

Such observations about South Africa arouse less protest in this country than similar observations made about Southern

Rhodesia. Yet it is impossible to deny the similarity of the apparatus of authority that has been built up there as well: the Peace Preservation Amendment Act, the Subversive Activities Act, the Natives (Registration and Identification) Act, the Inter-territorial Movement of Persons (Control) Act, the Public Order Act, and the Firearms Act, to mention only the most outstanding; and what is more, these extensive additions to the apparatus of control have been passed by the U.F.P., since 1950. It is true that sparing use has so far been made of these laws, and there are hopeful developments, such as the growth of the multi-racial University College at Salisbury, but what is the prospect of these laws being repealed? And how is it that they have been passed during the very years when, according to official theory, Rhodesia has been the testing-ground of an inspiring new ideal of racial harmony?

The answer does not lie in any special selfishness or malevolence on the part of the Europeans in Southern Rhodesia. They vote for what they think are their interests, like any ordinary voter in Manchester or Bristol. The trouble is that at every election they are encouraged to see an ever-more-complete fabric of white authority as essential to those interests; and the political system, by withholding power from the Africans, whose poverty and social status offer the real challenge, leaves the field free for a largely artificial contest for the leadership of European interests which shifts the political centre of gravity slowly but irreversibly to the right. To stop this process new political institutions are required, not expressions of goodwill and optimism; and as time passes the chances of introducing new institutions become more and more slender, as a new generation of European political leaders fills the stage, beside whom the cautious and paternal Mr. Todd will before long seem almost as revolutionary as his opponents have already pictured him.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Middle East and the Decay of Islam

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

A FEW days ago I was sitting in the Beirut drawing-room of the Lebanese Opposition leader, Saeb Salam. Suddenly, as we talked, the loudspeaker on the balcony of the minaret opposite his house began to sound the call to prayer. We could not hear ourselves speak. Saeb Salam asked someone to shut the window. The noise died down: 'That's better', he said. Saeb Salam is a Muslim; he is also an Arab intellectual. He made no move to obey the call of the muezzin, and none of the Muslims in the room with us made a move either.

This scene illustrates one of the major factors in the Middle East situation of today—the decay of Islam. The intellectuals of the Arab world have forsaken the faith of their fathers: they do not go to the mosque; they do not pray five times a day; they have adopted the dress of Westerners; they have accepted the material benefits of the Western world. But there the process stops. The Muslim Arab intellectual has ceased to believe in the tenets of Islam, but he has equally refused to accept the cultural values of the West.

Strolling across the campus of the American University of Beirut, I asked an Arab professor: 'How many of your Muslim students practise their religion?' He replied at once, 'Almost none'. Together we went up to his study. I sank into an armchair, and the professor stared out of the window at the mountains of Lebanon and the sun-streaked Mediterranean. After a moment he said: 'Though you mustn't get this wrong. Islam is still important to the Arabs of all classes. Much more than the Jews, the Arabs feel themselves to be the chosen race. God spoke to them direct through the mouth of the Prophet Mohammed. The Koran, they believe, contains the actual words of God. Arabic, therefore, is the language of God. Deep down in every Muslim Arab, whether he practises his religion or not, is this feeling of pride and superiority to other men, particularly if they profess another religion'.

The professor developed his analysis by a reference to the present crisis in Lebanon: 'Arab Nationalism today', he said, 'is

an expression of the Arab desire for an Islamic empire. The Arabs want the unity which they lost when the Ottoman Empire broke up; they want a Caliph, a successor of the Prophet. Many think that they have found him in President Nasser. The Arab Muslims of Lebanon want to be part of the new union of Egypt and Syria. They hate the West, and they hate the Christians of Lebanon, who look always to the West for support. Christian Lebanon, they feel, is a breach in the wall of the Arab Muslim Empire. They want to destroy it. The Christians know this, and that is why they resist the efforts of the Muslim Arabs of Lebanon to secure more power'.

'It is often suggested', I said, 'that Islam is a bulwark against the spread of Communism in the Arab world'. The professor shook his head. 'That's what I call a Western Middle East cliché', he remarked with a smile. 'Arab intellectuals admire the Soviet Union for three reasons: because it appears strong and powerful; because it opposes colonialism and imperialism—the so-called sins of the West—and because Soviet Communism claims to offer a swift method of reducing social inequalities and of increasing national wealth. There are few doctrinaire Communists in the Arab Middle East, but the totalitarian nature of Communism appeals to the Arabs. They like to be led and commanded; they revere authority. Islamic society is authoritarian: it is based on the three pillars of the army, the bureaucracy, and the religious hierarchy. Take away the last of these, and it would be simple to have a Communist faith'.

'You have left me with paradoxes', I said to the professor. 'First, you have shown me an intelligentsia that has lost faith in its religion, but which is seeking to build an empire whose foundations rest on this religion. Secondly, you have shown me an intelligentsia that has rejected the spiritual and cultural values of the West, claiming to find them in the admittedly atheistic and materialist Soviet Union. It is not logical', I concluded lamely. 'Yes', said the professor: 'It's not logical, but then *this* is the Middle East.—From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)

The Listener

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American English

IT is estimated that over 300,000,000 people speak English and of those who use it as their first language the majority live in the United States of America. But is the English that is spoken by the Americans and that spoken in Britain the same language? Many would assert that it was not. A shop in Paris is said to have contained a note in the window: 'English Spoken—American Understood', and in recent years we have been given a *Dictionary of American English* as well as a *Dictionary of Modern American Usage*. In an illuminating book*, written by Professor Albert H. Marckwardt of the University of Michigan and published by the Oxford University Press, the nature of these differences and their significance is discussed. Professor Marckwardt emphasises that since the United States is a melting pot, a number of words have naturally been introduced into the language from European and other sources. For example, hickory and caucus are Indian by origin, chowder and dime are French, lasso and cafeteria are Spanish, cole slaw and dope are Dutch, hamburger and seminar are German. Thus it is not extraordinary that the language of the menu is often puzzling to British visitors to the United States, as it is in most other foreign countries, because many words on the American menu are imported. On the other hand, a small group of other common words or genteelisms such as subway for underground and rest room for lavatory are easily recognised and mastered.

What are the sources of American English words that do not derive from the melting pot? One source is archaic words which have been more or less discarded in Britain but have been kept or given a new meaning in the United States. Parlour, for instance, might be considered archaic over here, yet in America 'parlor car' is the term used for the most comfortable and expensive compartment in a long-distance express train. Again, words that are accepted with a limited meaning on this side of the Atlantic may acquire a new meaning on the other side. Fraternities and sororities are the names given to the exclusive societies that exist at all American universities: freight is the word applied to all kinds of goods transported, whether by train, lorry (truck), or through the air. Finally there are regional words. Professor Marckwardt quotes from John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*:

I knowed you wasn't Oklahomy folks. You talk queer kinda—That ain't no blame, you understand.

Regional dialect, however, exists everywhere. The same sort of remark could be made in Devonshire or Aberdeen.

The conclusion that one reaches is that it is striking how few are the differences in English usage throughout the world. Everywhere there are bound to be local words and idioms, but the differences are confined to vocabulary rather than to grammar. Professor Marckwardt observes:

But when all is said and done, English, despite the vast numbers who speak it and its widespread dissemination over the globe, is still but a single language, and . . . the differences between its widest extremes, though extensive in certain features of the language, are still remarkably few.

We can still talk confidently of 'the English-speaking peoples'.

* *American English*, price 32s.

What They Are Saying

General de Gaulle and Mr. Khrushchev

MANY WESTERN COMMENTATORS remarked upon the moderate and conciliatory attitude shown by General de Gaulle so far in his handling of the French crisis, and on his liberal programme for Algeria. From France itself—where much press comment was on similar lines—*Le Monde* was quoted as saying that, within the framework of the safeguards he had accepted, the General had a right to the loyal support of his compatriots. The Socialist *Le Populaire*—hitherto critical—was quoted as paying tribute to de Gaulle's liberal concept of France's association with the peoples of the overseas territories. The Communist *l'Humanité*, however, claimed that his speech in Algiers had made nonsense of the 'legend of his liberalism'. From Switzerland, the *Gazette de Lausanne* was quoted as saying it did not believe the whole Arab world would close its mind to de Gaulle's 'reasonable proposals' for Algeria. From Egypt, *Ash-Sha'b* was quoted as saying:

de Gaulle will not be able to save his country as long as he clings to his imperialist policy in Algeria. The future of the struggling Algerian people is bright. . . . Algeria will be the rock on which de Gaulle will founder.

From the U.S.A. a number of newspapers were quoted as welcoming the 'statesmanlike wisdom' and 'moderation' so far shown by General de Gaulle. The *New York Herald Tribune* expressed the view that if anything could save Algeria for France, it was the kind of generous programme he was proposing. From West Germany, *Frankfurter Neue Presse* was quoted:

Comparisons of de Gaulle's personality with that of Hitler are out of place. The aristocrat rooted in proud traditions has nothing in common with the rootless plebian and demagogue.

Moscow radio continued to treat French developments on a news basis, coupled with quotations from French Communist sources, but itself refraining from any substantial comment. Budapest radio broadcast commentaries pointing a parallel between Hitler's and de Gaulle's attainment of power, and denouncing the 'infamous treachery' of the French Socialist Party leadership, which 'had opened the way to fascism'. M. Moller came in for even more hostile comment than de Gaulle in some of the satellite broadcasts. According to the East German radio, it was left to the French workers, 'led by the Communist Party', to 'force de Gaulle by their actions to show extensive respect for legality'. Thanks to their 'passionate resistance', he had come to power under quite different conditions from those he and his followers envisaged. A Czechoslovak broadcast said the clamour of some generals in Algeria had not proved enough to get de Gaulle to power: the Social Democratic leaders had to be called in, and it was they who had 'sold and betrayed the Fourth Republic'.

Last week, the dispute with Yugoslavia was intensified by a bitter attack from Mr. Khrushchev at the Bulgarian Party Congress. He compared Yugoslav 'revisionism' to a Trojan horse, called the leaders 'depraved', and, referring to Yugoslavia receiving 'alms from imperialist countries in the form of left-over goods', asked:

Why do the imperialist bosses, while striving to obliterate the socialist states from the face of the earth, and to squash the communist movement, at the same time finance one of the socialist countries?

He said the Yugoslav Communists 'stand in opposition to all Marxist-Leninist parties in the world', adding: 'those who call themselves Marxist-Leninists are particularly dangerous to the revolutionary movement'. They had done 'particularly great harm to the cause of socialism in their public statements and actions during the Hungarian events'; and the Yugoslav Embassy in Budapest had then become 'a sanctuary for the Nagy group of traitors'. The Cominform resolution of 1948 against Yugoslavia had been 'fundamentally correct'. Today, 'the fraternal parties of the Soviet Union, China, and the other socialist countries, the Communist Parties of the whole world, are united resolutely against contemporary revisionism'. A Yugoslav broadcast quoting *Borba* said that the campaign against Yugoslavia was a sign of ill-omen regarding the course which Soviet foreign policy has begun to follow again.

Did You Hear That?

MEMORIES OF A CRICKETER

'THAT MONUMENTALLY reliable batsman, Philip Mead, is dead', said JOHN ARLOTT in the West of England Home Service. 'But those who were boys in Hampshire in my generation—and for that matter in the generation on either side of it—can never as long as we live see the county ground at Southampton without remembering him. To us he was not merely the soundest left-hand batsman in the world: he was *the* batsman.'

'Two Hampshire wickets would fall and then he would walk out; bat tucked under his right arm, carefully pulling on his gloves. His cap was set very straight above his long face. He had a rolling, self-reliant walk; powerful drooping shoulders; long, heavy arms; thick, bowed legs. He took guard, and looked round the field; twirled his bat, and then, turning to square leg touched his cap to him one, two, three, four times: next he tapped his bat one, two, three, four times in the crease, took one, two, three, four little shuffling strides up to it. Then the bowler might bowl—but not before. Philip Mead went through that ritual before every ball he ever received.'

'Now he settled down to make runs—notice I say to make runs. I do not believe he was interested in batting as such, only in making runs. Indeed, every stroke he played had the first stride of a run built into its last stages; and he had—and played—every stroke in the game except the true late cut. In 1923 he made a century in his first innings of the season—106 not out in a total of 255—against Surrey. When he came back into the dressing-room Alec Kennedy looked up and said. "Well played, Philip".'

'"No, it wasn't", said Philip, "I wasn't timing it properly".'

'"Well, when did you last have a bat in your hands?"'

'"Last Scarborough Festival". That had been eight months previously.'

'His bat seemed all middle. Maurice Tate used those very words once, talking about his first ball as a fast medium bowler; he was an established county slow bowler until the day when, stung to fury by Mead's imperturbable defence, he swung his entire body into a fast ball which beat and bowled him. More than thirty years afterwards I asked Philip Mead if he remembered it. "Ah, that I do", he said, "pitched on the off and hit the top of the leg like a bullet—a beautiful ball, it was".'

'"Did you say anything to him?" I asked.'

'"Say anything? Oh, no—I never encouraged bowlers".'

'And he never did'.

THE APACHES GO INTO BUSINESS

'A correspondent of *The New York Times* has journeyed deep into Indian territory and emerged with a report that the Apache Indians of Mescalero, New Mexico, who were among the last to lay down arms against the white men, are engaged in a campaign

of economic resurgence', said DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent, in 'Today'. 'The Apaches have organised a Tribal Business Committee. They have been in the timber business for many years, with saw-mills high in the thickets of the Sacramento Mountains. They decided to market the finished timber themselves, and also established a department store with a special section devoted to the sale of Apache arts and crafts for tourists. Then, on a main highway which runs through their reservation, they built a petrol station, a motel, a restaurant, and a curio shop. Tourists from all over the south-west began flocking in by thousands, and the Tribal Business Committee hired a business manager—a white man, Mr. Wallis Hiatt—to act as managing director of the whole enterprise.'

'Mr. Hiatt was employed on the understanding that he would place as many tribesmen in executive positions as he could, and train others for positions of responsibility. Mr. Hiatt now has a large staff of Apaches, and says that he finds them most efficient in the discharge of their duties and responsibilities. However, he has had to employ a white man and his wife to do the cooking at the tribal restaurant, and feels that it may be several years before he can replace this couple. Apaches, he says, seem to be slow at learning to cook, and he feels this is because their food habits, until comparatively recently, were so different from those of the white man.'

'One of the most profitable of the Mescalero Apaches' enterprises is that of their fire brigade, which mans look-outs on the highest peaks. It is known as the Red-hats, has become famous all over the United States, and is ready to be flown anywhere in the country where a forest fire breaks out.'

'The chairman of the Tribal Business Committee, Mr. Wendel Chino, said things are going so well that there is full employment; that the administration will soon be handled entirely by Indians; and that there is now enough money in the treasury for education and social welfare. The tribe is offering scholarships to its young men and women at colleges and universities throughout the west. Also, there is a fund to supplement State public assistance grants to the old, the blind, and dependent children'.

TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN

'A few weeks ago', said W. R. RODGERS, in a General Overseas talk, 'I went back to visit my native province of Ulster, and in the course of the visit I happened to talk to an old country-woman whose brother had lately died. She lamented the loss sorely, "though", says she, "'twas a great relief, for he was wandering a bit in his mind at the last. You see", she explained, "he took to religion at the end and that's very hard on the mind. He strained himself on the Trinity, him that once could understand everything about anything". Many men, apart from Ulstermen, have strained themselves on the Trinity. In fact, there was a



A scene from 'Much Ado About Nothing' (which will be followed later in the season by 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'As You Like It') in Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The theatre was closed last summer owing to lack of funds but, as DAVID HOLMES explained in 'The Eyewitness', a guarantee of £2,000 has enabled it to open again this season. If the weather is wet the plays are given in a marquee, but even so the company can lose as much as £800 in a rainy week

time in the early days of Christendom when the whole of Europe was strained to breaking point over this very problem, and bitter wars were fought about it. Times have changed, but in Ireland, of course, the Trinity is always with us. The national emblem, after all, is the three-leafed shamrock.

But even in other and more mundane ways one remarks a curious predilection for trinities amongst my countrymen. Take speech, for example. In my province, if you happened to be hurrying along the road and met a friend, he wouldn't say to you: "Where are you going to?" Most likely he would say: "Where are you running and racing and rushing to?" The three-fold statement, the three-ply sentence, is one that appeals to him because it is stronger, more striking. In the case of a very famous Ulsterman, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, I am told it was his custom, when issuing an order of battle, to say it three times over, for the sake of forcefulness and memorability.

Go back to the ninth century, and you will find a notable collection of wise sayings called "The Triads of Ireland". Let me quote a few: "Three slender things that support the world: the slender stream of milk from the cow's dug into the pail; the slender blade of green corn upon the ground; the slender thread over the hand of a skilled woman". Or again: "Three glories of a gathering: a beautiful wife, a good horse, a swift hound".

Why do these trinities in speech appeal to us so much? Partly, I think, because the three-fold repetition gives it a rhythm that is as memorable as poetry. Also it has balance. You can balance a three-legged stool or a three-legged cooking pot on any floor, however uneven the floor. And a three-legged speech balances itself soundly on any ear, however unresponsive. That is why public speakers use it so much: it is pithy, it is pat, it is potent. Dr. Johnson, the most famous of English talkers, was addicted to it. One evening, at his club, a friend was trying to imitate his talk, and another member, Edmund Burke (an Irishman, by the way) said: "No, no, that is not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration". A perfect Johnsonian statement, the three-fold sentence.

On my last evening in Ulster I happened to talk to an old man in a Belfast pub. He had been a foreman, a much valued foreman in the building industry. Now he had retired, and before I went that evening he summed up his life for me. "Three things", he said, "three things made me happy. I heard the birds sing; I watched nature at her work; and I saw men paid good wages". A perfect trinity, a happy statement, and one which I certainly can never forget.

Now, back in London, I lift the telephone and I dial "TIM" to find out the time of day, and a golden voice says to me: "At the third stroke it will be such-and-such a time", and immediately I hear three pips sounding. Why three? Well, I ask you. If at once you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

THE COLOURS OF THE REGIMENT

The carrying of Colours into action goes back into the dimmest of distant history, said JOCELYN BRADFORD in a talk in the Home Service. The Israelites, we know, carried their sacred standard into battle, in comparison with which the Eagles of Rome are almost modern in the passage of time. It is, though, more or less from the Knights of medieval days that the British Army—and also the Royal Air Force—owes its individual colours. Knights

and Knights Errant flew their armorial bearings on their pennants so that their own following of bowmen and men-at-arms should know where they were to be found in the press of battle. Something of that system spread to the New Army of the Commonwealth and survived in the days of the Restoration when every company had its own Colours.

Today Company Colours are carried by the Foot Guards alone, and for more than a century Regiments of the Line, with only one or two exceptions, have carried two colours only: the Sovereign's and the Regimental. On the Queen's Colour are embroidered in black silk letters on a gold foundation, and on the Regimental in black on white, the many battle honours each regiment has won in the long course of its history. There, too, stitched with a delicacy to match a Gobelin tapestry, are the regiment's crest, motto, its numerical designation, and the strangely beautiful badges which sovereigns of the past or present have awarded it in commemoration of some particular feat of gallantry.

Once upon a time Colours were two or three times the size they are today. Now they are a little under four foot by three foot in size, excluding the fringe; and strangely enough they are not all enduring. Their service life is only twenty years for the Infantry and fifteen for the Foot Guards. The difference in time is due to the many more ceremonial occasions on which they are "on parade" in the Household Brigade in comparison with Regiments of the Line.

Not all regiments carry Colours. Rifle regiments and their cavalry equivalents of Hussars and Lancers were designed originally as scouts for the army, and the waving of "Colours" or, in the case of cavalry, of "Guidons or Standards", would have disclosed their presence—so instead they take their own particular pride in being "Colourless" today. In contrast, two regiments today carry more than two Colours. One of them is the Seaforth Highlanders, who glory in three. The other is the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the proud possessors of four Colours.

There is a curious fact in regard to the "Regimental Colour" of all Line regiments. If you look closely at one you will see that in the middle is the "centre badge and designation", surmounted by the crown. Around this is a wreath of exquisitely embroidered flowers and foliage, consisting of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock. But there is no leek—not even in the Colours of Welsh Regiments. In contrast, the R.A.F., each of whose squadrons is honoured with a squadron Colour after a certain length of service, has insisted that the leek of Wales should be included.

Regimental Colours are made of pure silk lute, which is spun from English silk-worms in Essex. Then the silk comes to a factory within a stone's throw of Piccadilly, where more than forty embroideresses build the rich red fabric into the glorious tapestry which it is to become. Not all of it is red, of course, for the Regimental Colour of almost all infantry regiments is that of its old full-dress facings. Royal regiments are blue, others are black. Normally, two embroideresses work on each colour at a time, and it takes some 600 to 800 hours to make a regiment's Colours.

A regiment's "old" Colours today are almost always deposited in the regimental chapel or in cathedral or church. Although they underwent a consecration ceremony in their earliest days, it was not until just before Queen Victoria came to the throne that any attempt at standardising such a religious service was put into effect. In those earlier days, therefore, a regiment's "old" Colours were the property, should he want them, of the colonel commanding at the time of their replacement.



Colour party of the 1st Battalion the Grenadier Guards marching from Buckingham Palace after the Queen had presented them with new Colours

Law in Action

Telephone Tapping: Law and Practice

By H. W. R. WADE

LAST summer, when there were some proceedings against a barrister for unprofessional conduct, it came as a surprise to most of the public to learn that some of the evidence had been obtained by telephone tapping. I suppose that many people would expect the police to do a little listening-in from time to time in the course of detective work, but that they would only approve of it in really serious cases. And some people would not approve of it at all. A barrister's professional conduct is a matter for the Bar Council and the Benchers of his Inn of Court, who of course act wholly independently, and even if the police are tapping wires behind the scenes it is a shock to find that their discoveries can be passed on to outside bodies. People wanted to know how this could happen, and whether wire-tapping was legal anyway. These questions were referred by the Government to a Committee of three Privy Councillors, presided over by Lord Birkett, and it is thanks to their Report (published last October) that we now have much more light on the subject.

Transcripts of Intercepted Conversations

When the Bar Council were making preliminary inquiries in the case of the barrister, they wrote to Scotland Yard to ask if they had any evidence of misconduct. The police had in fact been tapping the telephone of a person whose activities were of interest to them, and some of his conversations had been with the barrister. The Home Secretary, at that time Major Lloyd-George, authorised the police to show transcripts of the intercepted conversations to Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Chairman of the Bar Council, personally. But of course they were of no real use unless they could also be shown to the Bar Council and to the Benchers of the Inn. Sir Hartley Shawcross therefore sought the Home Secretary's permission for this and the Home Secretary gave it. This was the crucial step by which the transcripts passed from the Government's hands into the outside world. The Home Secretary justified it by his belief that it was an exceptional case and that his paramount duty was to see that the administration of justice was kept undefiled.

It was not long before these facts became common knowledge, and then the whole case became the centre of so much attention that the barrister himself asked that the disciplinary proceedings should be held in public and that most of the intercepted messages should be put in evidence. Accordingly the Benchers of the Inn never had to decide whether the transcripts could have been received in evidence if objection had been taken to them. So we have to remember that this question of admissibility never arose, and was outside the purview of the Birkett Committee. Nor did the Committee's Report have any effect on the case of the barrister, who had already been disbarred by his Inn of Court. The Committee's task was to make a general inquisition into the whole subject of intercepting messages, both postal and telephonic.

Starting with the law, the Committee first investigated the power to open letters, for that subject has a much longer history behind it. Here they were following in the footsteps of a Committee of the House of Commons which made an important report in 1844 after the Mazzini affair. Mazzini, the Italian revolutionary and patriot, had been driven first out of Italy and then out of Switzerland, and had taken refuge in England. But the British Government, supposing it to be their duty for the sake of international comity, opened his letters and kept a watch on his correspondence.

It may not have surprised Mazzini to discover that his letters were scarcely safer than if he had still been within the reach of Metternich, but it shocked the British public. Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary in Peel's Government, was made the object of an outcry both in and out of parliament, and figured in *Punch*

cartoons of 'Paul Pry at the Post Office' and 'The Post Office Peep-show'. Spokesmen of liberal opinion contended that the whole proceeding was unlawful. Both Houses of Parliament set up committees of investigation. The most important work was done in the Commons' Committee, for the public records were searched, and with the Report there was published an appendix of extracts which is a mine of information about the history and practice of the Post Office.

A Recognised Power

The result of the inquiry was largely to vindicate the government, for it was shown not only that many governments had exercised the power of opening letters over a very long period, but also that the existence of this power had been uniformly recognised in the series of Acts of Parliament governing the Post Office. And today, as the Birkett Committee has found, the law still stands where it did. There is lacking, it is true, any positive enactment that the Crown has the power to open letters, and the power has never been challenged in a court of law. But the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming.

The Post Office in the form in which we know it began to emerge in the seventeenth century. The Crown had indeed appointed Masters of the Posts in earlier times (the first recorded case was in 1516), but these functionaries had the duty of conveying royal dispatches rather than of providing a service to the public. A General Post Office for the carrying of private letters was first set up in the time of the Commonwealth in 1657, and at the very outset of the Ordinance there is a significant remark. The preamble recites that a single General Post Office was 'the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of the Commonwealth...'

This clearly means that the government is to concern itself in the letters it will carry, and it is interesting that one of the primary objects of setting up a government monopoly in postal service (for this is what the Ordinance of 1657 did) was to strengthen the Cromwellian spy system. At the Restoration in 1660 the new Post Office was confirmed by an Act of Parliament, and three years later a Royal Proclamation introduced a rule which has run through the law ever since. It provided that no person whatever might open letters or packets in the post except by warrant of the Principal Secretary of State. This formula was enshrined in an Act of Parliament of 1710, and today we still find its descendant clearly recognisable in section 58 of the Post Office Act, 1953. This makes it a criminal offence for any officer of the Post Office to open or detain a postal packet contrary to his duty, but a proviso adds that nothing in the section is to apply to opening or detaining a postal packet 'in obedience to an express warrant in writing under the hand of a Secretary of State'.

The Crown Proceedings Act

The legal position, therefore, is that parliament has repeatedly recognised that a Secretary of State has power to issue warrants for the opening of letters, though it has never expressly conferred the power upon him. This omission probably rather strengthens than weakens the case, for it indicates pretty plainly that parliament was always satisfied that the Crown had an inherent power to open letters, which it would have been presumptuous as well as unnecessary to confer by statute. The Parliamentary Committees of 1844 and the Committee of Privy Councillors of 1957 were all alike convinced. The Committee of 1957, furthermore, were able to point to a very sweeping provision of the Crown Proceedings Act, 1947, which exempts both the Crown and its servants from liability in connection with postal packets or telephone messages. When the Crown Proceedings Act was framed

the Post Office secured this charter of immunity, unduly wide though it seems.

So for 300 years it has been consistently acknowledged that the government's control of the posts gives it power to pry into their contents. But is the same true of telephone messages? On the one hand, there obviously cannot be ancient precedents. But, on the other hand, it is hard to see how the mere act of listening-in can be illegal at all. In the case of letters there is at least the breaking and entering of the envelope, which can be called a trespass. In the tapping of a telephone at the telephone exchange there is no such trespass. There is no legal right to privacy, and the law of copyright is of no help. There seems to be no peg on which to hang the action, and unless a peg can be found the telephone user has no legal right to complain.

Change of Practice

Accordingly, the Post Office used to intercept telephone messages without any warrant or any other special permission, until a change was made in 1937. In that year the Home Secretary and the Postmaster-General decided that in future there should be no more unauthorised interception, but that every case should require a Secretary of State's warrant. This change of practice in no way affected the legal position. It was a decision of policy, intended to put telephonic interception under tighter departmental control, and to bring the practice into line with what the law already required for the inspection of letters. It is a typical example of the ever stricter administrative precautions which successive governments have taken to ensure that their powers of interference, which they fully recognise to be objectionable, are used only with great restraint and in a way that public opinion will tolerate.

But this gives nothing away as regards the law. The Committee of Privy Councillors were satisfied that there were ample grounds for affirming the legality of telephone tapping. The argument that they preferred was that the Crown's ancient power to inspect letters also covers telephones, but if necessary they were prepared to fall back on two other lines of defence: first, that tapping telephones involves no illegal act; and, secondly, that by a typically legal series of stepping-stones, a telephone message is a 'telegram' within the meaning of the Telegraph Acts, and a telegram is in turn a 'postal packet' within the meaning of the Post Office Act, 1953, and so just like a letter.

Thus, although the question has never been decided in a court of law, the government's legal front has twice been tested by powerful forces, and both in 1844 and 1957 has been found impregnable. But what of the political front? The real subject of controversy is not whether these powers exist but how they ought to be used. This is something on which opinions will readily differ, and even the three Privy Councillors were not completely unanimous. They all agreed in condemning the Home Secretary's decision to release intercepted messages to the Bar Council. But Lord Birkett and Lord Monckton thought that the very circum-spect practices of previous Home Secretaries ought to be continued, subject to slightly stricter control by the Home Office; and their detailed recommendations for this have been accepted by the Government. Mr. Gordon Walker, on the other hand, thought that telephone tapping and letter-opening were so repugnant to public opinion that they should be virtually abandoned as a method of crime-detection, save only in occasional cases of extreme urgency.

Unanimous Verdict

Let me first consider the unanimous verdict that the disclosure to the Bar Council was a mistake. There is no doubt that this was an abrupt departure from the settled Home Office policy, which, as Mr. Butler said in the House of Commons, is that intercepted messages should never be disclosed to any one outside the public service. It is of the greatest importance to preserve the sharp distinction between the public service and the legal profession, for the independence of bench and bar is one of the pillars of our system. The whole trend in modern times has been for the Home Office itself to restrict the use of interception, and to grant warrants only in cases of really serious crime, and then only when other methods of detection are unavailing. Only on the rarest

occasions have intercepted letters been used in evidence or otherwise brought to public attention, and in the very few cases that gave the public a glimpse of what was happening behind the scenes, the government's ground was well enough chosen to be acceptable to general opinion.

One of the striking things about the Report is to see how far the Home Office had already gone in anticipating it. For example, letters used to be opened in order to suppress illegal lotteries, but the practice was dropped in 1953 because it was felt that it had become out of tune with public feeling. What was criticised, therefore, was not the Home Office practice but the isolated departure from it in this particular case. The government should use intercepted material for internal consumption only.

Mr. Gordon Walker, in his minority opinion, would have gone still further. The time had come, he said, for a new self-denying ordinance, at any rate in cases not involving national security. He thought that public repugnance to telephone tapping and letter-opening had increased, and that the police were in danger of forfeiting the general popular approval without which in the long run they cannot carry on effectively. He would tolerate interception for security purposes, and in emergencies like the escape of dangerous criminals or lunatics; but for ordinary detective work he thought it should be abandoned. There would of course be a price to pay, for persons living on the wrong side of the law would take advantage of any such assurance that the blind eye, or the deaf ear, would be turned to their communications. But Mr. Gordon Walker pointed to the figures, showing for example that out of all the arrests for serious offences made in some recent years by the Metropolitan Police, those due to interception are not much more than a tenth of one per cent. Was it worth using so objectionable a net to catch so few fish?

A Lesser Evil?

Mr. Justice Holmes, the great American judge, once faced the same dilemma and took the same side as Mr. Gordon Walker. He said that it was a lesser evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part. This was in 1928, in a case where the police had listened in for months to the operations of a gang of bootleggers in Seattle. The business was run on the grand scale, with a central office, executives, salesmen and its own sea-going shipping. Eventually the police made their kill, and obtained convictions for conspiracy. But the question taken to the Supreme Court was whether the evidence was legally obtained, and (if not) whether the convictions could stand. The American Constitution contains a guarantee against 'unreasonable searches and seizures', and a local statute in the State made wire-tapping a criminal offence.

The Supreme Court sustained the convictions, holding that the constitutional guarantee did not extend to so slight an act as connecting wires to a telephone line, and that the violation of the State statute did not make the evidence any less admissible. But four judges dissented, and among them were Justices Holmes and Brandeis. I might mention, on the second point, that in England the Privy Council has recently given a similar decision, holding that courts of law are not concerned with how evidence is obtained, but only with its relevance—though this was a case of searching a prisoner's person, not of tapping a telephone line. But a sturdy independence is maintained north of the Border, where the Scots courts are inclined to hold that evidence illegally obtained should not be admitted at all.

In America the situation has changed a good deal since the case of 1928. There is now a general Federal Act prohibiting wire-tapping, dating from 1934. This has given the Supreme Court an opportunity to make a new start, and in a case of 1937 it held that since wire-tapping was now illegal by Act of Congress, the Act must also be regarded as prohibiting the admission in a Federal Court of any evidence so obtained. Wire-tapping has also been made a criminal offence in most of the States. Yet in fact it still seems to be a thriving industry, and the Acts prohibiting it are to some extent dead letters. It is indeed said that the Department of Justice, which is charged with enforcing the law, is itself setting an example in flouting it by continued wire-tapping; or perhaps I should say 'in evading it', for later decisions of the Supreme Court have opened some loopholes. Some State courts, also, still admit evidence obtained by tapping.

It may be time to heed the warning given by Mr. Justice Brandeis in his dissent of 1928, when he denounced the notion that the end justifies the means. 'Crime is contagious', he said. 'If the Government becomes a law-breaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy'.

The lesson to be learned, perhaps, is that laws alone may be a frail protection against an activity which a government is determined to carry on, and to carry on in secret. Practice is

here as important as law, and on this side of the Atlantic we may on the whole be thankful that the Birkett Committee found the Home Office practice to be self-restrained, and responsive to the hardening of public opinion against eavesdropping by telephone. It is well that we are faced only with the narrow issue, whether to abandon detective interception altogether or to let it continue subject to the safeguards recommended by the Committee. In either case it is common ground that disclosures to outside bodies should not occur again.—*Third Programme*

How to Collect Pictures on Modest Means

By GEOFFREY AGNEW

RECENT events in the sale-room may lead you to connect my name with a 36,000-guinea picture by El Greco. Do not, however, be alarmed. El Greco is no longer a painter for those of modest means. In fact, I spend a great deal of my life as an art dealer with collectors who think in tens and in hundreds rather than in thousands, and with those, not strictly speaking collectors, who want to buy a picture, a drawing, or a print to fit a particular place, to celebrate a special occasion, or for the pure pleasure of ownership. With these latter I am specially in sympathy.

So, in my private capacity, I, too, am a modest collector, a collector limited by the demands of rent and rates, school bills and other necessities of life. Therefore, when twenty-five years ago I began to collect, some of the first pictures that I bought for myself were by the unfashionable Victorian painters of the middle of the nineteenth century—the moment when the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was founded and brought to English painting a new freshness of vision and delicacy of touch. My Victorians have graduated from the nursery, where they started their life, to the dining-room. But, although Victoriana is now the fashion in furniture and house decoration, painters of the period are still largely neglected.

It is true that the small highly-finished pictures, especially of their early period, by Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti, have always commanded big prices. A version of 'The Hireling Shepherd' by Holman Hunt fetched over £2,000 only recently. But you can still buy pre-Raphaelite



Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by J. R. Smith

drawings for under £100—and as a young man Millais drew like an angel and Rossetti's pen-and-ink drawings would stand comparison with Italian drawings of the seventeenth century. There are plenty of lesser known painters of the period in the same price range. James Collinson, an original but forgotten member of the brotherhood, painted delightful pictures, with something of the colouring of Holman Hunt and Ford Madox Brown; and there is Frederick Sandys, the friend of Rossetti; and William Gale, who painted charming beach scenes; and Boyd Houghton, better known in America, whose interiors with figures are composed in a brilliant patchwork of colour; and there is Abraham Solomon, best when painting freely, and the oddly named Augustus Egg; and, of an earlier generation, C. R. Leslie, the biographer of Constable. I have not mentioned Frith, for, among all the Victorians, he has always been most eagerly sought.

Occasionally a single picture by one of these Victorian artists may fetch a large price, but generally it is possible to find them at anything from £20 to £100. Their artistic merits seem to me much undervalued at such figures. I would add, however, that they are at their best on a small scale and when painting scenes of contemporary life. The large subject pictures, which they felt impelled to attempt, generally fail in composition and are overloaded with subject appeal. Nor do I much admire them as illustrators, whether of Tristram Shandy or of Shakespeare.

Before I leave the Victorians I must mention Landseer. Here one should be on the lookout for his



'The Bridge' by the seventeenth-century Dutch artist, Jan Asselijn

drawings, his small oil sketches, and especially for his landscapes. Not very long ago these could be bought for a few pounds. Recently they have soared—Landseer would almost seem to be the most rediscovered artist since the war. But there must be hundreds of his preliminary sketches up and down the country. Perhaps you will find one; if you do, stick to it. But please do not write either to me or the B.B.C. to say that you have a Landseer engraving. These were published by the ten thousand and are, I fear, worth less than their frames.

What other opportunities exist for collecting among English painters? English watercolours are so well-known and so popular that there are few opportunities for new discoveries here. To get good examples of the great names, you have to pay a high price. Most of the minor artists remain, for all their charm and skill, very minor. But Thomas Shotter Boys, who produced the best set of London prints ever made, is a first-class artist still unappreciated at his true worth. The brilliance of his colour, the sharpness of his accents, and the clearness of the atmosphere he can evoke make me put him at his best on a level with Bonington, to whom many of his watercolours and rare oils are attributed. But with Bonington you have to add a 'nought' to a Boys price.

I have no doubt that the most neglected field for collecting in English art lies in prints. Most of us cannot afford an original Reynolds or Gainsborough, but the mezzotints of the eighteenth century, made after the great English portrait painters by such artists as J. R. Smith or Valentine Green, have much of the feeling of the originals. They are works of art in their own right. They are highly decorative, you can hang them with great effect on the staircase or in a dining-room or in an office. Thirty years ago they were collectors' pieces and, like rare stamps, commanded prices in the hundreds and thousands; now even the finest and rarest would hardly be valued at more than £100 and most can be found from £10 upwards. In the same process David Lucas, Constable's engraver, produced a series which gives with extraordinary fidelity the light and shade of Constable's landscapes. Constable himself superintended much of the work, constantly interfering with suggestions and improvements. You get very close to the artist in these Lucas prints, but you can find good examples at anything from £5 to £50.

Before I leave English painting I want to mention the pastelists of the eighteenth century. Russell and Cotes and Gardner painted many delightful portraits and portrait groups in this delicate medium. Today they attract few collectors. Pastels are of course fragile and must be carefully protected from damp. But, provided that they are in good condition, their effect is fresh and spontaneous and they have the advantage, for a collector of today, in being generally on a small scale and light in tone. They are as suitable for a modern room as they were against eighteenth century panelling. One cannot give exact prices—a pretty woman is worth more than a plain man—but where there is so little competition there are surely opportunities for an enterprising collector.

While talking of small portraits, I would like to recommend those of John Downman. These are in pencil and crayon with washes of colour, not in pastel, but they have much the same lightness and freshness. Often, Downman has noted on them the name of the sitter, the date, and comments on the character or personality of the subject. I came across a beautiful drawing of his the other day, the head of a fine old man, and underneath

Downman had written: 'The Reverend Mr. Hill, aged ninety-four, Vicar of East Malling great part of a century. He took me nine miles to see an antiquity and set off in a gallop': a vivid commentary on a splendid subject.

It is easiest to find new opportunities for collecting among lesser known artists of the English School, but there is a group of Dutch painters which has recently begun to attract attention again. I say 'again' because in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries they were among the most popular of Dutch painters. I mean the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century who went to Italy and whose landscapes combine something of the classic poetry of Claude Lorraine with the naturalistic vision of the Dutch School. Asselyn, Lingelbach, Breenberg, and Poelenburg all left Holland to travel or live in Italy. Views in

the Campagna and of Tivoli, composite landscapes of mountain and ruin, with shepherds, or bandits, or bathing nymphs, are their subjects. They are painted in the grand manner and yet with an observant eye for effects of light. I recommend them to the attention of all who cannot afford a Ruisdael or a Van Goyen. You might get one for £100; more likely it will cost you £200 or over.

For those who are prepared to invest a rather larger sum of money, a legacy perhaps or a long due post-war credit, there are still, strangely enough, great opportunities among the Italian primitives of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. That is to me very surprising, for here is one of the chief sources of European painting. Perhaps primitives are considered as belonging too much to the art of the museums. There can be no greater mistake. For those gold-backed panels, with their intense religious feeling, their craftsmanship bred of a great tradition and a thorough apprenticeship, and their intensity of expression, are to my mind among the most desirable of personal possessions.

You will not, of course, find a Giotto or a Masaccio. You must not mind that often such pictures are nameless or can only be described by their locality—School of the Marches, fourteenth-century Paduan—or that



An early fourteenth-century panel of the Virgin and Child: Venetian School

at their best they carry invented names, such as the Master of the Fogg Museum Pieta or Amigo di So-and-so. Nor must you mind if the condition does not seem perfect. In fact, you should be suspicious of apparently perfect condition. Most pictures of this date have suffered some damage and the shiniest gold backgrounds are generally nineteenth-century regilding. But if the backgrounds are of pale gold, with the red ground showing through, if the damages do not look too thoroughly restored, and if, above all, you can still feel something of the intensity of the original—in the angels floating over the Cross, in the inclination of the Madonna's head, in the gesture of St. John's upraised hands—then you may have found a picture that will give you lasting pleasure, and, by comparison, at a very reasonable price. I have seen in the same sale-room on the same morning an indifferent Van Gogh fetch over £20,000 and three or four really fine Italian primitives total between them less than a tenth of that sum. There must be something wrong with such comparative values.

Finally, there are Italian drawings. Drawings are easy to lose; they can be stuck between the pages of books, buried in portfolios, or sandwiched between amateur watercolours in Victorian albums. What has been lost can be found—in local sale-rooms or antique shops, in attics and cupboards. Going through a pile of prints and drawings recently, which a friend had dug out of store and labelled 'Rubbish'—But you had better just look through them before I throw them away—I came across a sheet of blue-grey

paper with a reclining figure by Tintoretto, drawn, to judge by the knotted muscles, when he was studying Michelangelo—and carrying in the corner the collector's mark of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Such a drawing is worth artistically far more than £250 which is its market value.

But you will be more likely to find drawings by lesser-known Italian artists, worth perhaps £20 or £30 or £40: some lively figures by Guercino or even one of his more valuable landscapes; some of those strange cylindrical drawings, which almost presage cubism, by Cambiaso; or drawings by an old favourite of mine, Pier Francesco Mola. I have quoted these three

Italian artists since I have modest drawings by all of them in my own collection. But there are many others of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who are just as good. I hope you will find some.

But whatever you buy, do not buy names. Collect what you like and what you think is good. And do not pay too much attention to investment values. You will reap according to your taste and artistic judgement and, whether your acquisitions gain in capital value or not, you will have had a tax-free dividend of pleasure. I hope you will derive as much pleasure as I have had from my few possessions.—*Network Three*

Training Intellect and Character

The second of two talks on education by RICHARD PETERS

THERE is a long-standing debate between educationists which is as old as Aristotle. 'For mankind', he said, 'are by no means agreed about the best things to be taught, whether we look to virtue or the best life. Neither is it clear whether education is more concerned with intellectual or with moral virtue. The existing practice is perplexing; no one knows on what principle we should proceed—should the useful in life, or should virtue, or should the higher knowledge, be the main aim of our training?'

Two Types of Education

Kilpatrick claims that this is still the basic issue which divides American educationists. On the one hand is what he calls the Alexandrian type of education—the attempt to teach the content of the written word in the same way as the schools of Alexandria tried to pass on the wisdom of Greece. On the other hand is the new post-Pestalozzi conception of education which adopts 'character-building as its fundamental goal'.

My intention in this talk is not to discuss these different so-called aims of education by dwelling on detailed matters of policy or curriculum planning—the merits of philosophy as distinct from football in the allocation of periods; I want to show that there need be no basic conflict between cultivating the intellect and training character. The crucial differences between educationists are to do with the manner in which they go about doing either. As I said in my first talk*: the conflict is more to do with procedures than with aims. The training of character can be done in a most Alexandrian manner and the intellect can be cultivated in a manner of which even Rousseau might have approved.

To take the intellect first: if we consider the objections which progressives like Kilpatrick make to the cultivation of the intellect we find that they are all connected with the manner in which the intellect is cultivated. For the procedures portrayed all approximate to the use of authority and drill. No serious thought is given to what the child is interested in; it is a question only of what it is good for him to know. As one educator put it: 'Elementary education can do nothing better for a child than store his memory with things deserving to be there. He will be grateful for them when he grows up, even if he kicks now'. This implies that the child is an adult in the making. He must memorise. What the book says and the teacher teaches is what matters to him. He must be examined often. The examinations are often set as forms on which the student has to say which of several scraps of information is the right scrap. Machines are often used to do the marking.

Few would dispute education means, among other things, passing on a great deal of information. It is the procedure of passing it on and the attitude towards this informative business that invites objections. Whitehead put the matter very well when he said:

Culture is activity of thought and receptiveness to beauty or humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's

earth . . . Education is the acquisition of the utilisation of knowledge . . . The problem of education is to make the pupil see the wood by means of the trees.

Like Dewey, Whitehead attacked what he called 'inert ideas' and stressed the importance of acquiring knowledge which is related to interest. Too often, as Rousseau put it, 'the scientific atmosphere destroys science'. Precision and discipline there must be; but it must arise from the strivings of the child, not simply from the strictures of the teacher.

The Alexandrian procedure, however, does not simply ignore interest and utility; it also inculcates a credulous attitude to what is passed on. Teachers are in authority over their pupils; but they are only too prone to pose as authorities on the subjects which they teach. They just tell their pupils and convey the impression that what they say is correct because they say so or because it is written in some book. Now this may well be a reasonable attitude when Latin declensions or the rules of arithmetic are being taught; for the standards of correctness have been laid down and there is little question of argument or justification. But with things like history and science the position is very different; criticism and speculation are the life-blood of these subjects. Yet they are too often represented not as an intellectual adventure but as an accumulation of established facts. Knowledge is passed on but not the habit of critical thought.

Learning to Think

It is a strange aberration to suppose that people learn to think scientifically either by the necessities of nature or by acquiring information from authorities. The contrast that Rousseau made between Robinson Crusoe learning to think by experience and those who are brought up on books is an absurd one. In fact people usually learn to think by being with others who have learnt to think. Science starts when, for some reason or other, men are led to question the information which has been passed on, as were the Milesian school in early Greece; for science is critical discussion harnessed to curiosity. If an assumption is seriously challenged, reasons have to be produced to defend it and to support the usurping assumption. In science this means facts; it is no good appealing to the authority of a man. And facts are not things that lie round the world waiting to be included in the latest text-book; they are what are appealed to, to defend an assumption.

A person who can think is a person who has taken the objector into his own mind. Philosophy, as Plato put it, is the soul's dialogue with itself. And how can this happen unless a man has been constantly in critical company? Critical thought is not an aim which lures scientists or historians on their journey. It is a procedure which they employ as scientists or historians. And if they are also teachers who believe in the cultivation of the intellect, they need not be Alexandrians. They can convey their curiosity about Nature and about the past to their pupils; and by the manner in which they present the information which they hand on, they can encourage critical thought as well. A man is a poor

teacher who is not sometimes found to be wrong by his pupils.

Critics of the cultivation of the intellect usually contrast it with the training of character, which they consider to be the proper business of educators. But I now wish to show that the training of character can be carried on in just as Alexandrian a manner as the cultivation of the intellect.

In educational circles the term 'character' has a similar function to a term like 'group integration' in social work; people feel in the swim if they say they are promoting it, but it is never clear what they are promoting. Character-training often means just making a boy tough or courageous irrespective of circumstances. Sir Richard Livingstone and 'Outward Bound' enthusiasts both saw in the training of character a panacea for a world adrift. But were they in the same line of business? A man's character is, I suppose, what is distinctive about him and, like the word 'trait', which is often associated with it, 'character' refers to the distinctive manner in which a man goes about his business—honestly, selfishly, stubbornly. A man's nature is shown in his inclinations and desires—in the goals which he pursues. But his character is shown in the manner of his pursuits—in the regulation which he imposes on his desires and inclinations.

A Slippery Concept

But over and above this highest common factor of common meaning, 'character' is a systematically slippery concept. For we can speak in a non-committal way of a man's character, we can speak of him as having a type of character, and we can speak of him as 'having character'. These distinctions, so it seems to me, are very important in the context of talk about the training of character and are closely related to the distinction which I want to draw between Alexandrian and less authoritarian procedures. I do not think that we need be much bothered here with types of character which is my second sense of 'character'—the one beloved of characterologists like Freud, La Bruyere, and Theophrastus. Still less need we bother about cases where we talk of a man *being* a character. I want to dwell on the distinction between 'character' in my first, non-committal sense, and my third sense of 'having character'.

When we speak of a man's character in the first and non-committal sense we are referring simply to the sum-total of his traits like honesty, punctuality, and selfishness. If a servant is—or was—given a character, her future employer is informed of the particular traits which she tends to exhibit, the part of the social code which is, as it were, stamped upon her. And, in this sense of 'character', the metaphor of 'stamping' may well be appropriate. The model of production in the arts, to which I referred in my first talk as a procedure of education, may fit. This stamping-in is usually achieved by the use of authority and drill—by what is called indoctrination.

When, on the other hand, we say that a man 'has character' or that he is a man 'of character' we are not simply referring to the sum total of his traits. When Pope said that women have no characters at all he was not, surely, suggesting that they were dishonest, selfish, and mendacious. Presumably he was suggesting that they were fickle, inconstant, and sporadic in conforming to standards because they were at the mercy of their moods and inclinations. Or he might have been suggesting that they took their standards entirely from their husbands or from the clique in which they happened to collect. We speak of integrity of character. A man who has it is not credited with any definite traits; but the claim is made that, whatever traits he exhibits, there will be some sort of control and consistency in the manner in which he exhibits them. He will not give way to his inclinations, be easily corrupted, or take his colour from his company. In Freudian language, he will have a strong ego and will not be at the mercy either of his id or super-ego. He will be unlike the Spartans who were courageous and temperate in Sparta, but who, when abroad, fell easy victims to the corrupting influence of potentates, priests, and profligates.

A man who 'has character' may present an appearance of inconsistency to the world. He may be indolent in looking up friends but very conscientious about entertaining his family; he may be untidy at home, but very tidy at work; he may help one friend to get divorced but do nothing about helping another. But

these variations in rule-following cannot be correlated either with the strength of his inclinations or with the persistence of social pressures. He follows rules which seem to him to have some point and modifies them intelligently according to differences in circumstances; and the point, to a large extent, is determined by his adherence to certain higher-order principles.

Roback, in his classic on *The Psychology of Character*, defines 'character' as 'an enduring psycho-physical disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses in accordance with a regulative principle'. These principles may be limited in scope, like those of Colonel Nicholson in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, whose principles were that an officer should care for his men, obey a superior officer, and honour international conventions. Or they might be more general ones, such as that one ought not to exploit others to further one's own interest or that one ought to minimise avoidable misery. Or they might be morally suspect principles, such as that one ought always to further the interests of one's country, church, or party. A man would 'have character' to the extent to which he was impervious to temptation or to social pressures in applying particular rules intelligently in the light of such supreme principles. But, of course, he might have character—and be bad.

It is difficult to determine what educational procedures lead to the development of character in this sense. Piaget has made much of the different attitude which a child has to rules at different stages of his development. It is not, he claims, till about the age of seven or so that children begin to see the point of rules and to modify their behaviour accordingly. Before that age they tend to accept standards as transcendently imposed and unalterable. And, I suppose, children start to develop character only when they are presented with conflicting standards and have to choose their own. But this does not come about only in the manner beloved of progressives—by learning through experience in the performance of common tasks. It also develops if adults are at hand who themselves have character and who can give practical reasons for their principles. This is different from 'pep talks'. Practical wisdom is not passed on by preaching.

This sounds very fine; but any schoolmaster or youth-leader knows that boys with character are rareties. It is much more usual for boys to take their colour from their company or to conform to standards set by some adolescent Achilles. Odysseus is respected—but preferred in his tent. As he sits brooding there he cannot help wondering sometimes whether the psychologists may not, after all, be right who say that a style of life is laid down by the age of five. The educator's pitch may have been queered by the legions of mothers and fathers who have been on the job before him.

Questions for the Schoolmaster

As a matter of fact, I think too little is known to help him much in these sombre reflections. Bowlby, it is true, claimed that if a child has not had the care of a mother at certain critical periods of infancy this will lead to traits like 'distractability', 'unreliability', and 'lack of self-inhibition', which are almost definitions of having *no* character. And Freud, in his theory of the super-ego and of the infantile sources of character-traits, did much to explain types of character—people like the penurious man or the obsessive who, as it were, get stuck at a stage of development. But, in my opinion, too little is known of the positive conditions which favour the development of character. In Freud there is no positive theory of the development of the ego. These conditions may be specifically connected with the manner in which rules are passed on in the years before rational procedures are effective. To what extent are the phenomena of the super-ego, for instance, in which the 'inner voice' is so often stressed, connected with the use of the authoritative voice in early childhood? What happens if parents systematically condition their children by reward and punishment? How much can be assimilated by spontaneous imitation? There are ages of maturation at which it is appropriate to teach children skills like reading. Meaningless drill before that period is damaging to the skill. Are there similar levels for moral instruction? Is it a hopeless task for a schoolmaster to attempt to develop character in a boy who has been consistently drilled by his parents? Or is it a hopeless task if he has not been so drilled? My own view is that the manner in which we pass on rules matters as much as the rules which we pass on—especially

if we are interested in developing character. Yet too little is known of the unintended consequences of our well-meaning efforts to pass on rules to children. The fact that a professor of psychology can seriously pose the question 'Is conscience a conditioned reflex?' is sufficient to demonstrate the *naïveté* of some psychologists on this vital issue.

But whatever the state of the wicket on which the educator has to bat, it is obvious that in adolescence, which is the main period of character-training—as it is for the cultivation of the intellect—he relies on learning by experience, example, and rational instruction, if he is interested in developing character. If he is, like the Spartans, interested only in impressing a particular pattern of traits on a boy, he will probably rely on authority, drill, and the use of reward and punishment. And these differences in procedure correspond to those stressed between Alexandrians and others in the sphere of the cultivation of the intellect. Being well informed is different from having a critical and trained mind in the way in which character in the non-committal sense is different from having character. It is a matter of the presence or absence of a self-

imposed consistency and what Aristotle called 'knowing the reason why of things'. And the difference is in part due to the manner in which the teacher passes on information and rules, which is perpetuated in the manner in which the pupils come to regard them.

Plato believed that the aim of education was to turn the eye of the soul outwards towards the light. But by 'light' he meant truth or goodness as he, Plato, understood them. His educational system was designed to train a ruling class of Platonists. But he was himself trained by Socrates in the procedure known as dialectic. In his own thought and teaching he passed on the challenge of assumptions and the production of counter-examples which was implicit in the procedure. This helped him to arrive at his own grasp of essences; but, as a procedure, it also enabled pupils like Aristotle to question and reject the conclusions of their master. The manner of his teaching encouraged the questioning of the matter. This is a paradigm for the point that I have been trying to make—in the spheres both of intellect and character it is the manner that maketh man.—*Third Programme*

The Christian Commonwealth

Canon CHARLES SMYTH gives the second of five talks on the Church and England

THE State has, broadly speaking, a choice of three possible attitudes towards religion. One is official hostility, ranging from active persecution to reluctant toleration, as in the wide dominions of the Soviet Union: that is a survival from the atheistic materialism of the nineteenth century, invigorated (since nature abhors a vacuum) by the twentieth-century phenomenon of the cultus of the State itself or of the dictator, as also seen in nazism and in fascism. An alternative attitude is official neutrality (within certain limits), as exemplified in the United States of America: that is a relic of the philosophic Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, of which the Declaration of Independence is so typical a product. The third possible attitude is official recognition, as in England, in Scotland, and in Eire. But, since most Englishmen when they use the word 'religion' are apt to mean 'Christianity', we ought perhaps to remind ourselves that the religion officially recognised and sponsored by the State may be non-Christian: in Turkey it used to be Mohammedanism, and in Japan for some years it was Shintoism.

Nor is it unimportant to remember that if you survey the Churches of the Anglican Communion in every continent of the world, you will find among them one, but not more than one, Established Church; which is, it is true, the Mother Church of this great family of Churches: namely, the Church of England. Some of the other Churches in that Communion—for example, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales, and also (what we are more liable to forget) in India and South Africa and in the continent of North America—were once Established Churches, but have ceased to be so in the course of history: whereas there are yet other Churches of the Anglican Communion which have never been Established Churches, as for example in China and Brazil. It is also as well to bear in mind that north of the Border there is an Established Church—the Presbyterian Church of Scotland—which does not belong to the Anglican Communion.

What all this adds up to is that no Anglican could possibly dream of claiming that Establishment—in the sense of a formal connection between Church and State—is of the *esse* of the Church. Our question is simply whether it is of its *bene esse*: in other words, whether or not it is a good thing that the Church of England is by law established as the official Church of the English nation.

However, the Established Church of England, as the Church of the English nation, is only two Provinces of the world-wide federation of the Anglican Communion. You may say that this is a comparatively new development, because the Anglican Communion is a comparatively new development which was perhaps for the first time visibly manifested to the world in the first

Lambeth Conference of 1867: and that is true. But it is equally true that at no time in history can you speak of a Nation-Church in the same way that you can speak of a Nation-State. The acid test is sovereignty. 'This realm of England is an empire': but on the title-page of the Prayer Book you will read these words:

The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church according to the Use of the Church of England.

What that means is that the Church of England—*Ecclesia Anglicana*, in the well-known phrase of Magna Carta—has never claimed to be a sovereign Church, but only the national embodiment in England of 'The Church', the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. The practical implication of this is that the Church of the nation has a loyalty to a body which transcends the territorial boundaries of the State, and which is in fact the Church throughout all nations under the headship of our Lord.

May I give one simple illustration of what this involves? From time to time people write letters to the newspapers suggesting that the Church—by which they mean the authorities of the Church of England—should 'rewrite the Creeds, in order to bring them into line with modern thought': what they forget is that the historic Creeds of Christendom are not the national property only of the Church of England.

Again, you might be forgiven for concluding from a regular perusal of the popular press that the Church of England is governed by the arbitrary personal dictatorship of an obstinate and heartless tyrant called the Archbishop of Canterbury, who from some private idiosyncrasy or from a passion for what are described as 'antiquated rules'—which is a not unfair description, for they are as antiquated as the New Testament itself—refuses to allow divorced persons to be married in church during the life-time of their previous partners. 'So', in the words of a morning newspaper, 'the Church that is by Parliament established can determine that the laws of Parliament are not its laws'.

Apart from the fact that the Church of England was established long before Parliament was even invented, that is perfectly true. What is more, it is, and must be, true of every Christian Church in Britain, whether established or not. Neither in England nor in Scotland is the Established Church a department of the State, like the Treasury or the War Office or the Ministry of Education. It has a life of its own: and, in any case of conflict, it must be guided not by the mind of Parliament but by the mind of Christ. It must obey God rather than men. Otherwise it ceases to be a Church.

(continued on page 980)

NEWS DIARY

June 4-10

Wednesday, June 4

General de Gaulle arrives in Algiers
General Council of T.U.C. advises Transport and General Workers' Union against any extension of London bus strike
Dockers at Tilbury join unofficial strike
Government of the Faroe Islands says that it is no longer bound by the agreement with Britain on fishing rights after Iceland's decision to extend her fishing limits to twelve miles

Thursday, June 5

New talks between both sides in London bus strike end in deadlock
General de Gaulle, touring Algeria, speaks of his plans for a referendum and elections
It is announced that Mr. Khrushchev, in a letter to President Eisenhower, has asked for a big new trade agreement

Friday, June 6

Delegates of London busmen unanimously approve the rejection of the proposals of London Transport for ending the strike
The Prime Minister holds a ministerial meeting at 10, Downing Street, before leaving on his visit to North America
The Duke of Edinburgh visits Oxford to present charters to Nuffield College and St. Edmund Hall

Saturday, June 7

General de Gaulle receives a letter from the Prime Minister suggesting that they shall meet after his return from America
The French Cabinet announces that a constitutional referendum will probably be held on October 5
Employers at Port of London offer to withdraw unregistered labour if the Transport and General Workers' Union persuade the men on strike at the docks to return to work

Sunday, June 8

More Turkish riots break out in Cyprus
Rear-Admiral Tomaz, the candidate of the Government Party, is elected President of Portugal by a large majority
Some London railway workers vote in favour of an unofficial 'token' strike in support of busmen

Monday, June 9

Employers and union leaders fail to agree on basis for ending strike at port of London
London underground services interrupted by partial one-day unofficial token strike
Governor of Cyprus imposes new emergency measures to check rioting

Tuesday, June 10

It is announced that coal is to be derationed
Minister of Labour states that he does not intend to intervene in bus strike at present
Committee of Public Safety in Algeria criticises policy of General de Gaulle



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being shown, on a model, features of the new airport at Gatwick, Surrey, when they visited Gatwick for the official opening on June 9



Above: Hard Ridden, the Irish horse (owned by Sir Victor Sassoon, jockey, Charlie Smirke) winning the Derby by five lengths on June 4

Below: In the first match played by England in the World Cup series which opened in Sweden last Sunday, Kevan, the English centre forward, is seen challenging the Russian goalkeeper. The match was drawn 2-2



Robert Donat, the stage and film actor, who died on June 9 in London at the age of fifty-three. After a distinguished career on the London stage, he made a second reputation in films, which included 'The Citadel' and 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips'. His last appearance on the stage was as Thomas à Becket in T. S. Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral'





General de Gaulle at once paid an official visit to Algeria. He is seen being welcomed by Muslims in Bone on June 7



Lord Halifax presented a Royal Charter to Nuffield College, Oxford, on June 6. Mr. D. N. Chester, the Warden of the College, descending the steps from the building, is seen at the back of the group.



'Hamlet' at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, with Laurence Olivier as Hamlet, Googie Withers as Gertrude, and Dorothy Tutin as Ophelia



The Prime Minister arrived in Washington on June 7. The photograph shows him being greeted by Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State



Barges loaded with food lying idle alongside Hay's Wharf in the Pool of London last week when, owing to the unofficial dock strike, over a hundred ships were held up. The men struck out of sympathy with the unofficial strikers at Smithfield meat market. Nearly 120 ships were idle and 20,000 men on strike on June 10



A demonstration by the Royal Navy of its air-sea rescue work, carried out with helicopters by the Commando Carrier Task Force, given at the Royal Tournament, now being held in the Exhibition Building, Earls Court, London. The tournament will continue until June 21

(continued from page 977)

This is, in fact, a rather good point at which to illustrate what the Establishment means and how it works under modern conditions. It does not mean, and never has meant, that the clergy of the Established Churches are employed and paid by the State. The Church is entirely supported by endowments, legacies, and voluntary contributions. The only clergy who receive any payment from the State—and they are clergy of all denominations, not only of the Established Churches—are those who are actually in government service as chaplains to the forces or as prison chaplains. The Church itself receives no money from the State, and never figures in the Budget estimates presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the contrary, in the Middle Ages and even later, the revenues of the Church—particularly the richer bishoprics—were used by the State to provide salaries for its high-grade civil servants. When John Williams was appointed Lord Keeper by King James I, he was made Bishop of Lincoln to provide him with a princely salary, and Dean of Westminster to give him an official residence near his work. That was a relic of the sort of thing that was perfectly normal before the Reformation, and happily it has long since become a thing of the past. Establishment no longer means that the Church is exploited by the State.

How Bishops Are Appointed

Or here is another example. It was a characteristic feature of the Establishment in the eighteenth century that bishops were appointed for their potential usefulness in the House of Lords to the political party of the Prime Minister who nominated them to the Crown. That also is unthinkable today, when bishops are appointed not for their usefulness to a political party but for their usefulness to the Church: and the system as we know it, by which bishops and other dignitaries of the Established Church of England are nominated by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister after consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a method of appointment which, however open to criticism in theory, in practice seems to work far better than any other method in any other Church.

Incidentally, some measure of State control over episcopal appointments is not a peculiarity of the Established Church of England: witness the history of the Church in Spain from Philip II to General Franco, and the fact that so late as 1903 the Emperor of Austria exercised his right of veto in a papal election to prevent the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papacy.

But the most momentous change of all is that the traditional assumption that Church and State were co-extensive, and that every Englishman must also be an Anglican—an assumption which was already breaking down in the sixteenth century—received its death-blow a hundred years later with the concession of toleration to Dissenters. The State has now to legislate for all its citizens in the knowledge that the majority of them are not practising members of the Church of England, and that a fair proportion of them today are not even professing Christians. It would be wrong for the State to enforce the rules of the Church of England upon people who are not members of it. It would be equally wrong for the State to forbid the Church to apply its own rules to its

own members. That position has been accepted both by the Church and by the State. Thus the State provides civil marriage in a registry office for those who wish it, and the Established Church recognises the validity of such marriages because they contain the essential element of the contract for life. The State also, a little illogically perhaps, but not unreasonably, permits the marriage in registry offices of persons who have been divorced: but it does not seek to compel the Church to break its own rules by marrying them in church.

I do wish that the popular press would have the fairness to admit that neither the present nor any other Archbishop of Canterbury could, even if he wished, ignore entirely not only all the resolutions of the Lambeth Conferences of the Anglican Communion for the past fifty years regarding the marriage of divorced persons, but also, what is infinitely more important, the teaching of our Lord Himself concerning marriage and divorce. In the words of a great authority upon the subject, the late Bishop Kirk of Oxford:

There is no New Testament basis whatever for the suggestion that our Lord sanctioned marriage during the lifetime of the first partner in the case of an 'innocent' person who has secured a divorce. (*Marriage and Divorce*, page 91.)

In the light of all this, there can, for the Church of England, be no question of such a marriage taking place in church, particularly if you study the wording of the marriage service in the Prayer Book. But we all know that there are hard cases: and, for the Christian, the really urgent question is whether persons who have contracted such a marriage in a registry office should be excluded unconditionally from the Holy Communion. In the imperfect world in which we live, it is the view of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, I think, of the overwhelming majority of us in the Church of England, that such persons should not be permanently debarred from the Sacrament of Holy Communion.

Compassion and Divorce

You may say that this is not strictly logical, in face of the recorded sayings of our Lord about divorce: but you cannot deny that it is the view of a true pastor, of an Archbishop of Canterbury who is not a man of mere amiable sentiment (which is very cheap and very treacherous) but of Christian charity and compassion, and of a real love for the souls committed to his care.

The value of this illustration is that it throws considerable light upon the nature and working of the Establishment under modern conditions. The State obviously cannot enforce the standards of the Established Church of England upon people who do not belong to that Church and therefore cannot be expected to accept those standards. Equally obviously, it cannot force the Church to abandon its own standards, and instead to accept the standards of those who are not members of it. Moreover—and this is the most important thing—the State itself recognises that it is in the interest of the nation that the Church of England should maintain the Christian law of marriage (without attempting or desiring to enforce it on those who are not Anglicans or perhaps not even Christians). Even upon purely secular grounds, the Church's public witness to that ideal is infinitely valuable

for the well-being of the whole community. We know too much already about the consequences of 'broken homes'.

That, as I see it, is the key to the present relation between Church and State. The Establishment is the acknowledgement by the State of the sovereignty of God in the affairs of men. It is the symbol, the token, and the embodiment of the ideal of a Christian nation. It expresses the glorious and fundamental truth that, despite any and every appearance to the contrary, this realm of England is a community of living men and women whom Christ has redeemed. The Church of England is not a mission to England from the Church, but rather England as it is 'in Christ', even when England fails to perceive that that is what it veritably is, according to the will of God. In other words, the Establishment is ultimately sacramental, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual truth about the English nation: a truth which is acknowledged by the State in submitting to be consecrated by the Church to the service of Almighty God and to the furtherance of His Kingdom among men.

The Church of the Whole Nation

And for the Established Church of England this carries an important and a necessary consequence. The Church of England must never regard itself as a sect. It is in principle the Church of the whole nation, and exists not only for those who are technically members of it. It is the Church of a redeemed community, and not only of those whom it might itself be disposed to regard as the 'elect'. In the words of the magnificent sermon preached by the Bishop of Sheffield at the Modern Churchmen's Conference in 1955:

Some of our fellow-churchmen are greatly troubled by the woolliness of many nominal Anglicans, and in consequence they are disposed to think that the Church must contract before it can effectively become a Church Militant and expand. They hope that a policy of the closed shop, fencing the font, and all that, for a time, will make the Church more soundly and more purely Christian in heart. Such a policy would more likely make it Pharisaic. I do not believe a Church becomes more Christian at the centre by a tightening-up of passport and customs controls on the circumference. If Christianity was an orthodoxy, a piety, a code of morals, such a strategy might work, but Christianity is a life . . . This does not require us to minimise the fact that the Church is the family of God, or to be careless about Church order and discipline, or to become erastian . . .

Our Church, indeed, has a special vocation to speak a prophetic word and to be as light, leaven, and salt in the nation's life. Tightening up frontier regulations might be its death; devotion to the Lord of all life at its heart will always be its life. And its ministry to be effective has to be corporate—laity and clergy in association. Only so in contemporary England will the Church in parish, diocese, and nation, in home and factory, present and represent Christ the Lord of Life to all men.

—Third Programme

Two new works of reference are: *A Dictionary of British Surnames*, by P. H. Reaney (Routledge and Kegan Paul, £3 10s.), which contains some 20,000 surnames all in current use, with explanations of their meaning and etymology; and *The Concise Encyclopaedia of Music and Musicians*, edited by Martin Cooper (Hutchinson 'New Horizon Books', £2 10s.), illustrated with colour and monochrome plates.

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Gardening

Nerine, Amaryllis, and Primula

By F. H. STREETER

TO my mind, *Nerine Bowdenii* is one of the most striking plants for the autumn. It flowers just before the *Belladonna lilies*, it is a lovely pink flower, three to four inches across on eighteen-inch or two-foot stems. It starts flowering in September and flowers on into as late as November. It also lasts a long time as cut flowers in the house. It has gained an award of merit; pretty high honours for a *Nerine*. In the southern and western parts of the country, planted up close to a south wall, it is perfectly hardy, but north of the Thames I should give the bulbs a slight covering with bracken in the coldest months of the year, removing the bracken in March, as growth starts fairly early.

Always plant *Nerine Bowdenii* in a very narrow border, close up against a wall, with the tops of the bulbs just above the soil. They increase rapidly and once you have them started you will soon have enough bulbs to make a double row, where they will last for years.

Perhaps you would like to grow a batch in pots in the greenhouse or a cold frame to bring on as pot plants. Use small pots—sixties for a start—well crocked and a nice open soil. Pot the bulbs three parts of their length firmly, leaving the top and neck above the soil. From, say, early April when growth starts, plunge the pots outside under the wall in full sunshine. Keep them there until the flower spikes begin to show, then bring them inside and start watering. As soon as the flowers are finished, feed the bulbs heavily until the growth dies down, and then they rest in the sun until the autumn flowers show.

There are some very beautiful hybrid *Nerines* now in cultivation—bright scarlet and most delicate pastel shades—but *Nerine Bowdenii* is the variety to grow out of doors: no trouble whatever.

The *amaryllis* are among the showiest of our bulbous plants, although I am afraid they are not hardy. They can be grown in the window, and I am surprised at the number of letters I get asking for their proper treatment. This is really easy once you know how. Their first requirement is long resting periods and careful watering in the early stages of growth. They are easily raised from seed sown in heat in February or March and potted off into sixties as soon as you can handle them. Use a nice open soil and pot firmly. Keep them growing in moist conditions overhead, but not wet at the root. When the roots reach the side of the pot, shift on into a five-inch pot.

The first year you keep them growing—no rest. In about eighteen to twenty-four months the first flower spike will throw up. When the spike is over, feed the plant heavily for six to seven weeks to get the bulb well ripened up. Then

the leaves will turn yellow and gradually die down. As soon as this happens, turn the pots on their side under the stage and keep them absolutely dry for five or six months if you wish. Always allow the bulbs almost to fill the pots before shifting on into larger pots, then never beyond a seven-inch: that is large enough for

variety in rich orange-red. This species has smaller flowers and will thrive in rather drier conditions in groups along the front of the flower border. For a lovely combination, try the yellow variety called *helodoxa* and the purple *anisodora*. They would please any artist. Allow them to cross themselves and you will have springing up the loviest shades imaginable. *Helodoxa* and *anisodora* both come from Asia. So does one for summer flowering, called *florindae*—pale yellow. They will grow almost anywhere; planted in different aspects this variety is most attractive for several months. All the varieties I have mentioned are beauties and well known. There are several others all worthy of a place.

Many people seem to be afraid of planting these lovely primulas, thinking they require a bog garden—the very place they do not like. Running water—yes: they certainly love damp conditions, nicely drained. Try them in a partially shaded flower border. Give them plenty of leaf soil or humus of some kind or another.

What plants they are for putting amongst rhododendrons and azaleas, covering the soil with their foliage and stopping the weeds. They love the shade of the rhododendrons and azaleas. If you have a little stream or a pool in the rockery try a few groups round the edge. You can plant them now: they do not mind the shift as long as they do not dry out.

—From talks in Network Three



Nerine Bowdenii



Amaryllis (white)

the very best bulbs. They will throw off bulbils from the main bulb. These can be taken off and potted up.

Where most people go wrong is in keeping on watering the roots all the time, giving the *amaryllis* no rest, so in turn they keep growing foliage and never think about flowering. If you have a greenhouse and want something really special and at the same time easy to grow and only take up the house three or four months in the year, try a collection of *amaryllis*.

One of the most popular and beautiful species of flower is the primula in some variety or other, especially the *candelabra* types. For instance, the *pulverulenta*, which originally came from China: we now grow the *Bartley* strain of *pulverulenta*, with its lovely pink and pastel shades of flowers, tier after tier on two- to three-foot stems, rising from beautiful foliage and lasting a long time in flower.

Primula japonica is another group with several varieties. The flowers are red and many other shades. It is one of the easiest to manage. Plant it in a damp spot—not stagnant, though. Allow it to seed itself and in a short time you will have hundreds of seedlings coming up every year.

Cockburniana—from the mountains of western China—is another marvellously coloured



Candelabra primulas

Letters to the Editor

Must an Educator Have an Aim?

Sir,—I was surprised to find myself being criticised in your leading article (June 5) for things which I said about aims in education on the Third Programme (printed in THE LISTENER of June 5)—especially as there was a suggestion that those who move in the rarefied realms of modern philosophy are not acutely aware that educational systems are overcrowded, that teachers are poorly paid, and that there are disputes about whether more or less science should be taught in schools or universities!

In my talk I said that valiative disputes arise both about what is to be passed on and about the manner of passing it on. Admittedly the stress was on disputes about the manner rather than about the matter for I was trying to show that the implementing of aims is only one procedure for passing on what is valued, and that many disputes about the aims of education are concealed disputes about the legitimacy of this type of procedure. But surely the dispute about whether education should be liberal, vocational, or technical (into which I purposely did not enter) is mainly a dispute about what is to be passed on. Disagreements about this, of course, reflect governmental policies as well as personal preferences.

Your suggestion, however, that those who advocate liberal, technical, or vocational education are aiming at the product of 'a rounded citizen, a socially integrated person, or a conditioned technician,' illustrates very well the points which I was making about many of the so-called 'aims' of education. I have very little idea how one would distinguish the first two end-products; they are good samples of what I said about the nebulousness of most such aims. And the third product surely has the procedure built into the product; for what else is meant by saying that a man is a *conditioned* technician?

I agree, of course, that one of the crucial disagreements today is about whether more or less science should be passed on. But it is not clear to me that this coincides with disagreements about whether education should be more or less 'liberal.' 'Liberal' is an ambiguous word. By a 'liberal' education one can mean an education in which a lot of different things are passed on—arts as well as science on the curriculum as at North Staffordshire. But there is another equally important sense of 'liberal' which relates not to the matter of what is passed on but to the manner. In other words it has more to do with the manner in which either arts or science subjects are passed on than with the amount of time given to either on the curriculum. I have tried to deal with this sort of point in my second talk (published on page 975).—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

RICHARD PETERS

Pronouncing Italian

Sir,—It was good to see Mr. Warner Allen's overdue protest (in THE LISTENER of June 5) at the Englishman's habitual complacent massacre of the Italian language.

Examples: (1) more often than not over the air we hear the tenor Gigli's name pronounced (even by self-appointed authorities on Italian music) not, as it should be, with the initial syllable like the second syllable in the English verb 'congeal' but with the first 'G' like the ellipted French 'je' in 'j'y suis'. (2) When the well-known Italian tennis player Pietrangeli comes to Wimbledon one television commentator not only puts the accent back one syllable on to the central 'a' where it probably shouldn't be but makes the initial diphthong familiarly and discourteously rhyme with 'Pete'. In the *lingua di si* 'gi' and 'gui' may not be obvious but, as Mr. Warner Allen says, every schoolboy should know (or, if not, be quickly taught) that 'ch' followed by 'i' or 'e' is invariably hard. Hasn't Mr. Finch even heard of a ditty which goes *che sará, sará?*—Yours, etc.,

Poole

GEORGE RICHARDS

Sir,—The B.B.C. has probably altered the pronunciation of the word '*intermezzo*' throughout the country. Before their day this Italian musical term had its correct sound of '-edzo'; but now it is invariably '-etso.' The Italian 'zz' is in more words 'ts', but in some, and 'mezzo' is one, it is 'dz.' A frequent aberration is with the letter 'g' before 'e' or 'i', as in the name Gigli. They pronounce it as though it were a French 'j'.

Yours, etc.,

Dundee

ADAM PATRICK

The Amazing AC2

Sir,—Referring to the broadcast on T. E. Lawrence by Group Captain Charles Findlay, published in THE LISTENER of June 5, I recall a conversation with the late Professor D. G. Hogarth about Lawrence's motives for enlisting with the R.A.F. The Professor was one of the very few people who knew Lawrence intimately and for whom Lawrence retained great respect and esteem. His opinion was that Lawrence, conscious of a degree of mental unbalance resulting from his tremendous experiences, and keenly anxious about its outcome, conceived that acceptance of a strictly prescribed routine of relatively simple tasks would assist him to recover equilibrium. Other traits of his remarkable character, notably originality and perversity, doubtless contributed to his choice.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

STEWART SYMES

Coventry: Test-case of Planning

Sir,—It is slightly disappointing from the point of view of public interest in town planning that my broadcast on the replanning of Coventry caused only one critic to voice any opinions, and his were of an unhelpful and unconstructive nature; for town planning as we understand it today is a new and complex discipline, which requires both experiment and discussion for its further advancement.

Unfortunately there are still too few cities where any serious attempts are being made to solve contemporary problems in a contemporary

way, and although Mr. Plommer's comments must have made most readers of THE LISTENER smile, it is a chastening thought that in many places current planning ideas have not even reached the level of his 'modifications of the arcades at Leeds', or 'commercial and administrative centres' which 'were thought out very carefully by the builders of Imperial Rome'.

I am grateful to Messrs. Oates and Clifton Taylor for dealing so effectively with some of Mr. Plommer's more unconsidered statements. Surely it is common knowledge, for instance, that the orientation of Coventry Cathedral was decided as the result of an open competition which was held long after the original plans were made, and the conditions of which allowed a wide variety of solution?

I would agree, however, that a fuller statement would have been desirable, but in a twenty-minute broadcast, which included comment on Rotterdam as well, it was inevitable that a great deal should have been omitted.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11 P. JOHNSON MARSHALL

'In the Land of the Musk-Ox'

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Heywood, who breezily refers me to 'Gjerset or some other reliable historian of Iceland or Norway' (THE LISTENER, June 5), would do well to read his authorities before quoting them. The two Norse settlements in Greenland were called Vestri Byggd and Eystri Byggd—i.e., the western settlement and the eastern settlement. The photographs of the eastern settlement, which are doubtless what Mr. Heywood saw, were taken on the *west* coast of Greenland, in the region of the modern Julianehaab. The western settlement, in the neighbourhood of Godthaab, was north rather than west of the other, a fact which he would rapidly have discovered had he taken a more scholarly interest in the subject.

I have in front of me a map, from *Meddeleser Om Grønland*, Vol. LVI, No. 3, which gives the exact location of every known Norse site in Greenland. The only ruin on the eastern coast of the country is a single outlying farm belonging to the eastern settlement, lying on Lindenows Fjord, thirty-five miles or so north of Cape Farewell.—Yours, etc.,

Coventry

J. F. WEST

O No John!

Sir,—As the author of the book to which Mr. Albert Miller refers in his letter published in THE LISTENER of May 29 (*Onward Christian Soldier, a Life of Sabine Baring-Gould*) perhaps I may be permitted to make clear that the original MSS. of *Songs of the West* are indeed in Plymouth Public Library. I myself consulted them there.

Mr. Hilary Corke, in THE LISTENER of June 5, asks if Baring-Gould 'silently censored' the words of the songs as he had them from the old 'singing men' of his native Devon. He did, and he gives his reasons for so doing in his introduction to *Songs of the West*. The matter is discussed in my book, and an example given on pages 155 to 157.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

WILLIAM PURCELL

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT was an excellent idea to put rather more than fifty of Stanley Spencer's paintings on show in his own village of Cookham. Most of these works are exhibited in the vicarage but there are also some to be seen in the church and these include his new Crucifixion, painted as an altarpiece for Aldenham School Chapel, and the large central picture, still unfinished, of the Cookham regatta series. The exhibition is in aid of Cookham's Church House: it opened on May 31 and closes on June 15.

The pictures in the church give some idea of Spencer's range and capacity as a religious and imaginative artist, but in the exhibition as a whole his realistic paintings, mostly landscapes and portraits, predominate, and you can see by looking round the village how exact is his vision when he reports what is in front of his eyes. With a hard and piercing stare he observes the wistaria blooming against the red brick, the well-planned garden, the socially significant details in the costly interior decoration. With an abnegation extremely rare among artists he exerts, one feels, no taste or even distaste of his own: he simply records with his firm and wiry grasp of detail what could never be observed so clearly unless such a mood of absolute detachment had been achieved.

Spencer's emotions and memories are, of course, deeply involved in Cookham (where he first arrived, he tells us, in 1891) and all his religious paintings owe their character and intensity to his feeling for the place. But in these works it becomes not the real Cookham which is elsewhere explored by his unblinking gaze but a place of the memory and the imagination, and quite as much, it would seem, of the second as of the first. The regatta paintings are full of queer details of furniture and costume which only a most exact visual memory, going back several decades, could so precisely recall; in the new Crucifixion there is a striking example of this, the tasselled caps of the executioners which, we are told, were worn, but surely no longer are so, by brewers' draymen supplying the village pubs. On the other hand Spencer himself says in his introduction to the exhibition catalogue that he has on occasion noticed something which he calls 'very Cookham' in one of these imagined Cookham paintings and has then found that no such place as he had painted was anywhere to be found. There is, no doubt, some connection, though one that is certainly paradoxical, between the artist's capacity for reconstructing the place in his mind and his faculty, which is in its way equally remarkable, for making so

impartial an inspection when required to paint something actually in front of his eyes. He cannot, it would seem, get at all emotionally involved in a subject until after it has been stored and matured for many years in his head.

Much of the central painting of the regatta series is still unfinished. In that part of the

chatter. No abstract art is conducive to conversation, but here the atmosphere seems to be more than usually hushed. It is partly, no doubt, the expression on the faces of these carvings; they may not be meant to have any faces or any expression, but with the best will in the world it is impossible not to see eyes in these apertures—the holes, for example, in 'Pierced Form'—and eyes that are nothing if not solemn and disapproving. Such an impression may be a little more than pure fancy; it may be that here the abstraction is over-deliberate, a matter of observance rather than of any strong and individual conviction, and that somehow this is betrayed in a portentous look such as Brancusi, for example, never gives to even his most rigorous exercises in pure form.

The exhibition of the work of Sir James Thornhill at the Guildhall Art Gallery must be welcomed even if it can hardly be enjoyed. As a pioneer of the grand manner in this country he was of great historical importance, but the exhibition is full of gauche and lifeless works, even though some of the drawings and sketches do show that on occasion Thornhill had his share of the good taste of the time. The recent paintings at Tooth's Gallery of the young German artist F. Priking, now a member of the school of Paris, show the influence of the young realists but though often sombre they are neither fierce nor unmanageable.

The Redfern Gallery has an exhibition of Cecil Beaton's lively designs for 'My Fair Lady' and other theatrical productions, and at the same gallery there are works by Denis Bowen which are more or less action paintings, attractive and decorative still-life paintings by Paul Feiler, and lithographs and 'pochoirs' by Dufy. 'Recent Images' by Alva at the Waddington Galleries are evanescent enough but refined in handling and colour.

Among recent art books are: *Grünwald*, by Nikolaus Pevsner and Michael Meier (Thames and Hudson, £3 3s.); *Gabo*; introductory essays by Sir Herbert Read and Sir Leslie Martin (Lund Humphries, £4 4s.); *Jean Arp*, by Carola Giedion-Welcker, documentation Marguerite Hagenbach (Thames and Hudson, £3 3s.); *Brancusi*, by David Lewis (Tiranti, 18s.); *Epstein*, a camera study of the sculptor at work by Geoffrey Ireland, introduction by Laurie Lee (Deutsch, 55s.); *Marcel Frishman: Drawings* (Faber, for Cassirer, £5 5s.); *Edvard Munch: Woman and Eros*, by Arve Moen (Allen and Unwin, £3 15s.); *Romanesque Bronzes: Church Portals in Medieval Europe*, by Hermann Leisinger (Phoenix, £3 3s.); *English Romanesque Lead Sculpture*, by George Zarnecki (Tiranti, 15s.); *The Illuminated Book: Its History and Production*, by David Diring (Faber, £6 6s.); and *Pre-Conquest Goldsmiths' Work of Colombia*, by Enzo Carli (Heinemann, 35s.).



'The Crucifixion', by Stanley Spencer, from the exhibition of his work at Cookham, where he has lived since his birth in 1891

canvas which is exposed everything seems to have been planned, drawn, and constructed in perspective even where the paint has not yet been applied, but some part of the painting is still rolled up at the side. This is because Spencer insists on painting this large picture in a small room; it is pinned to one wall and since the canvas is longer than the wall it has to be rolled up at the end. The execution in these latest works is exceedingly minute and particularly so in the central scene; his miniaturist's technique now makes an even greater contrast than before with the breadth of handling in the early works such as the remarkable Nativity which was painted while the artist was still at the Slade. The new Crucifixion, in spite of being a commissioned picture, is a work of uninhibited imagination and as disconcerting as a Grunewald.

Spencer's pictures are rather apt to make the spectator talk too much, but Barbara Hepworth's sculpture, by contrast, too little, and her recent work at the Gimpel Fils Gallery, mostly large but compact carvings in wood, works of expert and highly finished craftsmanship, seems positively designed to repress idle and irreverent

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lost Victories. By Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein. Edited and Translated by Anthony G. Powell. With a Foreword by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Methuen. 50s.

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART states that the general verdict of the senior German officers with whom he talked in 1945 ranked Field-Marshal von Manstein as the ablest German commander of the war. 'He had military genius'. These views are likely to stand the test of time. He was at home in all types of military activity: a first-class creative staff officer, a dashing and skilled leader of an infantry corps, a thunderbolt when fighting an armoured corps, though he was a guardsman who had based his ideas on observation and had no special training in that arm. But it was 'above the corps level', as an army commander and still more as an army group commander, that his eye for an opening and his skill in using one revealed his true greatness as a soldier.

It should be noted that he did not reach the highest of these commands until things had gone wrong for the Germans in Russia. In fact, his Don Army Group to begin with scarcely deserved the title because its strongest army was enveloped at Stalingrad. So he was fated to fight henceforth always under the shadow of adversity, except when the Germans briefly recovered the initiative in the summer of 1943. This is notoriously the highest test; indeed some critics always make reservations about victorious commanders who have never undergone it.

Even those of us who thought they knew their Manstein must find themselves astonished by his career as corps commander. The first episode reveals him as infantryman in France, displaying a drive and bustling his troops forward in a style which is unexpected even from him. On one occasion, finding a regiment waiting to be sure of the situation, he drove ahead into the village of Coisy, found it empty, returned to the regiment, 'and suggested that they make arrangements to do their own reconnoitring in future'. And then in Russia he handled his armour in the manner of a Guderian, covering 200 miles as the crow flies in four days and five hours from zero and behaving personally as he had behaved in France. He owns that a corps commander should not be out *all* the time, since that means virtually handing over command to his staff, 'though this may be quite a good thing in many cases'. These sallies cause regret that a very long book has had to be somewhat pruned in translation and that the excisions include passages in lighter vein. Here it may be said that the translation is a good one.

It may be considered that the author is too ready to excuse failures on his own front and criticise the conduct of others. He also slips in a little propaganda when the chance arises. It is probably fair to claim that the German troops rarely looted on the scale of the Americans and British in Germany, though we must add that a lot of things happen of which even active generals are unaware. But emotion about the tragedy of meeting 'German lads' from Alsace as foes seems a little misplaced. In the first world war a considerable number gave themselves up, well knowing that they were then liable for

service in the French Army. However, these blemishes are not aggressive.

The story is more detailed and technical than in the majority of personal narratives. It rises to its finest from the moment of the encirclement of Paulus at Stalingrad. Just because it is detailed and shirks no problems—in his anxiety to enforce what he has to say the Field-Marshal is occasionally led into repetition—one cannot for a moment promise those who like easy reading that they will get it here. On the other hand, no intelligent, even if uninstructed, reader will put the book down without having achieved a clearer view of the nature of the fighting in those wide spaces. In a sense one might call it Napoleon's Campaign of France in 1814 translated into the terms of modern weapons and vehicles. The efforts, manoeuvres, and blows which prevented the wholesale destruction of the German right wing, including Army Group A deep in the Caucasus, reveal a great master of warfare. On the defensive and in apparently hopeless numerical inferiority, commanders try to multiply their forces by doing two things in succession. Manstein sometimes had to do three or four things in succession, with concentrations necessitating enormous gaps. And he brought it off, though it was a stop-gap victory.

The Peacock's Tail. By Pearl Binder. Harrap. 25s.

For centuries men have been writing homiletic literature upon the subject of women's dress and it is altogether right and proper that a woman should now turn the tables and tell the more conservative sex how ugly, stuffy, hot, shapeless and ridiculous its clothes are. Miss Pearl Binder is to be congratulated on undertaking this useful and diverting task and she has accomplished it with great force of argument, some wit, and by the use of illustrations which are both instructive and funny. Her account of the manner in which a Savile Row suit comes into being is of absorbing interest, her enthusiasm for Teddy Boys is infectious, and her advocacy of a masculine style with some pretensions to beauty and to virility is laudable. She has, in fact, produced a brilliant and very readable essay.

Needless to say, men will pay no attention whatsoever to her admonitions; in this at least they resemble women, who have never for one moment listened to the scoldings and sermons of their masters. It must also be allowed that those men who wish to find reasons for rejecting the advice that Miss Binder offers them will have no difficulty in discovering them, for she has sunk what might have been a strong essay into what is in fact a rather weak book. She has padded it out with cosy folk lore, inaccurate history and a great number of facile generalisations on a wide variety of topics, many of which have very little to do with her real argument. It is indeed sufficiently curious that, although she possesses a great deal of information, some of which is fairly reliable, on a great many subjects, the one point on which she appears to be uninformed is the history of costume. This is certainly a pity, for the problem of masculine dress is essentially a historical

problem. And the historical problem is one that deserves to be examined with the utmost care and scholarship and which merits far more attention than it has as yet received. It is much to be regretted that Miss Binder, having started out with such good intentions and having progressed so far and so well should, in the end, have wandered from the heart of her subject.

Thomas Telford. By L. T. C. Rolt. Longmans. 25s.

About nine months ago Mr. Rolt published an admirable life of the great engineer, Brunel. It was a book which gave great pleasure even to readers who scarcely know the difference between a nut and a bolt, for Brunel possessed a charming, extrovert personality. His energy, his fire, his soaring imagination which fused grandeur, utility and beauty in one engineering triumph after another made him a singularly attractive character for a biography. The success of this book doubtless encouraged Mr. Rolt to show Brunel-like energy in order to produce another life of yet another engineer—Thomas Telford. Although Telford's work had many of the qualities of Brunel's, he has proved himself to be a far more intractable personality.

The son of a poor shepherd of Eskdale who died whilst Telford was still an infant, he rose to fame by combining two gifts not rare amongst talented Scots—an undeviating concentration on his natural abilities and a capacity to attract and to hold patrons. He was early conscious of his genius. He tore himself away from family and friends and with single-minded intensity pursued his star—first stonemason, then architect, finally civil engineer. He never dodged difficulty and often solved with panache problems which had defeated other men. His great bridges—Conway and Menai—his great aqueducts—Pont Cysyllte and Chirk—and masterly road, London-Holyhead, still bear witness to his technical and aesthetic greatness. He combined, as did Brunel, scientific virtuosity with a sense of refined elegance that transmuted an engineering feat into a work of art. Like Brunel, too, his energy was as remorseless as his ambition. For years he lived either on the site or at a London coffee house, driving himself ruthlessly as his reputation brought in more work than he could manage.

And there the likeness to Brunel ceases. Telford was a much more enclosed character; argumentative, passionate even, in technical matters, he revealed little or nothing of the affectionate side of his nature which remained tethered to the scenes and friends of his childhood, finding expression either in banal, quasi-romantic, quasi-Wordsworthian poetry, or in letters to Andrew Little, who, smitten with blindness, became a village schoolmaster in Eskdale. From these bonds of recollection and affection he could not escape. And it was these ties, not the burden of his work, which prevented him finding either a home or a wife. Because his feelings ran in so narrow a channel—deep though it might be—he presents a difficult problem for a biographer. There is nothing much to write about but the succession of engineering tasks upon which his fame is based, and, apart from the construction of the Elles-



HOME CURED

by PODALIRIUS

No one can have been much surprised by the result of a recent American enquiry into the attitude of patients to the hospitals they are in. It had been noticed that a fair proportion of patients were aggressive, noisy or querulous—sometimes all three; a team of psychiatrists slid into action, asking patients questions, eating their tangerines and showing them ink-blots; results were garnered, collated and analysed, and it was found that a fair proportion of patients in hospitals do not, to put it in terms a layman can grasp, like being there.

This finding in turn goes far to explain a whole series of basic human impulses. To feel ill, go to bed and say "I'm not really ill." To add "Don't bother about me . . . just leave me alone . . . could you be an angel and bring me the papers? . . . and a drink? . . . and a pack of cards—two packs? . . ." To refuse to see a doctor and lie in panic until he comes; then to tell him there's nothing wrong with one and be put out if he agrees; and to apply to any remark or action two criteria: will it reap any sympathy? . . . or will it elicit so much that one will find oneself, next thing, in hospital?

There follows an era of trays, crumbs between the sheets, pills, thermometers and desert afternoons spent waiting for tea. The bed room changes character as the toys of sickness accumulate: *War and Peace*, a Spanish Primer, radio, Scrabble board, exercise books, fruit, magazines—all the meaty bits of reading and writing one has set aside for such a moment as this and all the more amusing trifles which prevent one from quite getting down to them. Downstairs, just as if its master were perfectly well, the house continues to make the noises all houses make to show that they are alive: a snoring of pipes, the hum of a vacuum cleaner, the chatter of a char.

At last there is convalescence: sofas, cushions, and a feeling of complete recovery quickly eroded by the first dizzying attempts to stand; a tendency to treat the doctor as though he had only dropped in for sherry on his way to visit someone else, which is the case; and, eventually, an attempt to carry a light tray for the patient and splendid woman who has been carrying them to one's bedside during these long weeks. This last effort is well worth it; one does not want to spend the evenings of the first fortnight of one's return to work visiting *her* in hospital.

* * * *

As you rightly hint, Podalirius, it is almost always the home cured patient's eventual lot to wait upon the nurse or tray carrier. But it must not be forgotten that the patient, as well as the nurse, is still in need of proper care and attention. Especially where nutrition is concerned, for the present-day diet often lacks vital food factors. These missing factors, however, are easily and effectively added to the diet simply by sprinkling a little Bemax on your food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. You can get Bemax from your chemist.

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BARBARA KELLY ASKS FOR HELP

'Im asking you to help in the fight against cruelty to children', says Barbara Kelly. 'The other day the N.S.P.C.C. told me of a recent case which really shocked me. We have all heard people talking about cruelty to children—but it isn't until we read the actual details that we realise what we are up against'.

'A 24-year-old labourer was convicted of assaulting his two-year-old daughter. He brought the child down from bed and smacked her across the mouth with the back of his hand, cutting her lip. Then he took her over to a chair, saying "I will make you respect me". He pushed her, so that she fell, and kicked her as she lay on the floor. About a month before, the mother returned home and found blood on the baby's pillow. There were scratches on her head and bruises on her ear and legs. The father was prosecuted by the N.S.P.C.C. and gaoled for two months'.

This little girl is only one of thousands of children who need your help. There are two ways in which you can assist the N.S.P.C.C. in its valuable work. The first is by reporting any cases of cruelty or neglect that come to your notice. The second is to



follow Barbara Kelly's example and enrol yourself now as a member of the N.S.P.C.C. A donation of five shillings or more secures membership. Just send the money to Barbara Kelly, N.S.P.C.C., 65 Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, and she will acknowledge it personally.

mere Canal, these provide nothing comparable with the Thames Tunnel or the great steamships of Brunel. A writer as skilled as Mr. Rolt, naturally realised these difficulties. He has met them by keeping his biography terse, bringing the new material which he has discovered well to the fore and avoiding too detailed an examination of Telford's work. The result is a most readable and enjoyable book, for Mr. Rolt manages to bring and keep Telford alive—a feat which has hitherto defeated his biographers.

**The Letters of Emily Dickinson. 3 vols.
Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Oxford
for Harvard University Press. £10.**

With these three copper-bottomed, brass-mounted, all-inclusive volumes Professor Johnson completes the work of seven years. By 1950 all the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson which were known to exist had been made available and an established scholar could at last begin the work of editing material which had been appearing under the aegis of friends and relations ever since Mabel Loomis Todd's publication of the *First Series* of poems in 1890 and two volumes of letters in 1894. The three volumes of *Poems* and the 'interpretive biography' of 1955 were the first results. Now, in the *Letters*, published together for the first time, a clearer picture than ever before is available to us of the pattern of Emily Dickinson's life and character.

The first batch of letters, written between 1842 and 1846, that is from the ages of twelve to sixteen, shows clearly that she was no solemn bookworm destined to grow into a crabbed recluse, but a lively, original creature, fully participating in the joys and despairs of a busy circle of friends and relations. She writes at sixteen to her friend Abiah Root that she is 'almost persuaded to be a christian'. However, her honesty does not allow her to manage it, a remarkable avowal from one brought up in the rock-bound Calvinist atmosphere of the Connecticut Valley. In January 1850 she skittishly gives a page to a cold, which, 'putting both arms around my neck began to kiss me immoderately, and express so much love it completely bewildered me'. Her feeling for her brother Austin during these years was gradually transferred to the girl who became his wife, 'Sister Sue' or 'Susie' Gilbert. The letters to Susie become warmest in 1852. That of early June of that year is almost the letter of a lover and the endearments continue until the striking letter of 1854 with its 'Sue—you can go or stay—There is but one alternative—We differ often lately, and this must be the last. You need not fear to leave me lest I should be alone, for I often part with things I fancy I have loved...'. The letters from 1858 to 1865, the period of her greatest creativity, are less interesting than one had hoped. But she was not so taken up that she could forget to write courteously to Mrs. Holland after an operation on her baby's foot, 'How is your little Byron? Hope he gains his foot without losing his genius'. Nor was she so out of touch that she could ignore such significant literary events as the publication of Rebecca Harding Davis' *Life in the Iron Mills*, or sufficiently without spirit that she did not wish to hit back at the rather smug Higginson after his 'surgery' on her poems. 'You think me "uncontrolled"', said Emily—'I have no Tribunal'. Those uninhibited letters of the later

years, to Mrs. Anthon and Judge Lord, came, when they appeared as separate publications, as rather a shock. Seen now in context, however, along with other tender letters to other recipients, they fall into place. Here was a woman capable of the most intense emotion who was forced, or forced herself, to crystallise her feelings into word and phrase. The letters and poems are all of a piece. The letters, in fact, read sometimes like the raw material of poems.

Perhaps because of this, the total effect of the three volumes is such as to leave the reader with a slight sense of dissatisfaction. Here are no insights into artistic problems as in the letters of Hopkins. What delights us in Keats, the humour, the wisdom and the flow of feeling, is here absent. All is small, and gnomic, and local; fantasy is leavened with grimness, but at times the tone approaches the whimsical. One wishes with all one's heart that she had 'spoken out' more. And yet, if she had, she would not have been Emily Dickinson. Her faults and felicities are head and tail of the same coin. Whatever is missing, whether by design or accident, we still have enough to bring alive not merely an important poet but a family and a community, the old Yankee community, beyond the pale of Brahmin-land indeed, but with its own proud heritage and its own sure standards.

The Sweeniad. By Myra Buttle.

Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

This is a satire against T. S. Eliot. When circulated privately before publication, it drew from various eminent persons such comments as 'Bravo!' (Graham Greene) and '*C'est le ridicule qui tue*' (H. R. Trevor-Roper). But a reviewer can scarcely expect to get away with it so easily. *The Sweeniad*, then, is cast in the form of a mock-trial with Sweeney (Eliot) in the dock. This form is borrowed from Donne's 'Ignatius His Conclave', a satire against Loyola. Miss Buttle identifies Sweeney as a sort of modern Loyola, so perhaps the use of Donne's form may be regarded as an extra dig at the man who has done so much to remind us of Donne.

Embedded in this prose polemic are chunks of straight parody of 'The Waste Land', etc. These are conscientious, but not as inspired as Henry Reed's 'Chard Whitlow' or Joseph Gurnard's parody in his brilliant skit 'Poets' Excursion'. Besides the Eliot parodies, Miss Buttle offers much miscellaneous light verse which shows her to have a touch for the slighter kind of literary revue. Nevertheless, on the literary side, *The Sweeniad* rates only an alpha minus: pleasant light reading, nothing more.

The actual polemic, however, has a serious intent: this is another humanist attack on the intellectual rigidity and religious orthodoxy of which Eliot is the principal exponent; and, by implication, on the whole Establishment, which according to Miss Buttle now dominates all critical writing: 'the languages of criticism and theology have become one and book-reviews all sound like sermons written in the most holy "Double-Speak"'. In short, Eliot is the enemy of freedom, and all our contemporary culture is on his side.

Miss Buttle states her case, which is not of course a new one, with some vigour, a certain amount of natural exaggeration, a bit of personal spite (it was hardly Eliot's fault that he was rejected for the U.S. Navy or that his country

was neutral until 1917), and an underlying, thoroughly British good humour which will ensure that her book has no effect whatever. Eliot is a serious writer, and whatever one may think of the gulf between the once-mocked rebel of 'The Waste Land' and the grey eminence of today, the position he has now reached can only be attacked with the same intellectual seriousness with which he himself defends it. It cannot be laughed off with an academic joke. The pleasure this book appears to have given in certain quarters is itself merely another sign that the Establishment is undefeated.

Arnhem. By Major-General R. E. Urquhart, C.B., D.S.O. Cassell. 21s.

General Urquhart commanded the First Airborne Division when it was dropped at Arnhem in September 1944. His forces were ordered to hold the Rhine bridge at Arnhem for at least twenty-four hours. In the event, as the Allied advance failed to come up to them, they held it for three days and four nights against determined German counter-attack, and it was nine days before the remnants of the force could be withdrawn. 2,163 of them got back out of 8,905 officers and men and 1,100 glider pilots. The General's book is a plain, factual account of the battle with a minimum of introductory explanation about the place of the operation in Allied strategy and a brief summing-up of the tactical lessons. Neither the account itself nor General Urquhart's assessment of the battle contains any important new information for the military expert. But the story is clearly told and well illustrated, and the book can be recommended to all who would like to have a popular but sober and detailed narrative of this justly famous episode in the Allied advance on Germany.

Platero and I. By Juan Ramón Jiménez. Nelson. 21s.

Any discussion of the present, and inevitably embarrassing, translation of Jiménez' book must start with the flat assertions that Jiménez, whose death was lately announced, was a great writer; that *Platero* is one of his finest works and that the Peter-Panish English is not entirely the fault of the translator, Eloise Roach. James Barrie, Robert Louis Stevenson, A. A. Milne *et al.* have sentimentalised beyond redemption the vocabulary which a translator must use to render Jiménez at all literally, and as a result an imaginative effort is required of the reader who knows no Spanish in order that he may find his way into the remote Andalusian world about which Jiménez is writing with a clarity and an economy no one else has excelled.

Platero is a donkey who belonged to Jiménez and the book consists of 138 sketches or prose poems, in most of which he addresses the donkey and in all of which he describes and judges the life of his village. In English most of it reads like this: 'Everyone believes he is cold and hides in the house and closes it. Platero, you and I shall go very slowly through the cleared, solitary town, you warm under your wool robe and my coat, I with my soul'. Only occasionally does a squeak of something obviously good manage to make itself heard above the sickly purr of the English 'a man like an oak, scratching himself; a woman like a vine, stretched out; two children, a male and a female, to propagate the race; and a monkey, small and weak like the world, who earns a

living for all of them, picking his fleas . . .

Jiménez is describing a province which is more Arab than Spanish, a peasant people whose realities are not our realities, and describing them poetically so that each sketch evokes both the surface and the underlying implications of some aspect of their lives. To make matters more difficult these sketches are generally held together and connected with one another by poetically valid underlinks rather than visible logical connections:

*'Il avait dans ses yeux noyés d'une vapeur
Cette stupidité qui peut-être est stupeur'.*

So Victor Hugo on donkeys and so, largely, ourselves. Such ideas must be got rid of before it is possible to appreciate the close (yet un-anthropomorphic) relationship of an Andalusian peasant with his donkey and to understand the sort of leap by which an Andalusian poet is enabled to make of the donkey a symbolic figure, enigmatic as Phlebas the Phoenician, through whom he can by-pass an explicit, novelistic por-

trait of his society and 'show it forth' (in Joyce's phrase) in a series of what, in the original, are completely successful 'epiphanies'—using Joyce's word again, for it most exactly describes what Jiménez is doing.

Jiménez was not only a great poet he was a poet of a sort we can no longer produce ourselves. Since the death of Hardy and the coming of the motor car, we have got too far away from our own countryside to be able to write of it except by sieving it through our own education.

New Novels

A World of Strangers. By Nadine Gordimer. Gollancz. 16s.

The Return of Ansel Gibbs. By Frederick Buechner. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Special Friendships. By Roger Peyrefitte. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

A Pride of Relations. By Richard Charles. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

I BEGAN Miss Gordimer's book with a certain trepidation, wondering how this young writer would stay the course along which she had set off, at so brilliant a gallop, a few years ago. In her very first volume of stories she revealed a beautiful sensitivity and remarkable powers of expression: she had fresh material to work with, and an exciting, troubled environment to explore. But was she too good to be true? Was her talent to be one of those early flowers that wither as the day goes on? So young and so productive, she appeared almost unnatural.

This fourth book, and second novel, should put our minds at rest. It is true that it lacks cohesion, that the treatment is somewhat fragmentary and disjointed; but the world she describes is an incoherent one and her method only serves to bring this home. Toby Hood is an ordinary human being, placed in extraordinary conditions. He is a publisher, aged twenty-six, sent by his firm to South Africa: he has no preconceived ideas about the country and the last thing he wants is to be involved in any 'cause'. 'I hate the faces of peasants', he observes with engaging frankness, and goes on to speak of the Africans' 'heavy, mild and brutish faces, on which emotion settles momentarily, from the outside, like a fly on the face of an ox'. The Nationalists will not have to worry much about him, it seems: he asks only to live as he chooses and find his friends where he may. This, however, is what South Africa will not allow him to do. In no time he is leading a curious, double life, his contact with the African and Indian communities having to be kept distinct, even hidden, from that with the white. He has to leave a flat after entertaining Negroes there. And in his relations with the coloured themselves, even with the gay, non-chalant Steven Sitole who is as indifferent to 'racial problems' as Toby is, there is always a secret boundary caused by his skin.

High in the long list of Miss Gordimer's qualities should come her honesty. It is clear that her sympathies lie with the Africans, whom, indeed, in her young generosity she possibly draws as more attractive and interesting than they are. Yet her vision is never befogged by zeal. Her description of certain white do-gooders, for example, is delightfully wicked as well as true:

They were often people who had failed to secure attention in other ways; by identifying

themselves with Africans, they were able to feel the limelight on their faces for the first time, even if it was only a refraction of that brilliance which was falling on black faces. They 'discovered' African painters, theatre groups, dancers and crafts; they collaborated with Africans in all sorts of arty ventures in which their own shaky talents were disguised by the novelty, the importance of the fact that their material was genuine African. It began to be fashionable . . . to have at least one African friend. A pet African, whose name you could drop casually: 'Tom Kwaza was telling me at our house the other day . . .'

Inevitably the theme of black and white is the dominant one but *A World of Strangers* holds much else besides. For one thing, it conveys wonderfully a sense of the place, of the sight, feel and smell of South Africa: the noise, squalor and dirt of the locations, the ease and space of the rich European quarters and, beyond both, the dry, dusty, endless bush. It is rare indeed to find an author with so much to say and able to say it so well. Miss Gordimer can write most 'distinguished' novelists under the table.

Mr. Buechner's *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* is another excellent piece of work, and one that strikes a note unusual in American writing. While we now almost take for granted the pace, vitality and crispness, we are less accustomed to intelligence, to the sense of a mind playing on the material; and we are positively startled to come on a pure, beautiful English style in which there is hardly a word to remind us that the author is foreign. There is welcome novelty too in the fact that the hero Ansel Gibbs, a public figure who leaves retirement to face again the crudities of political life, is an 'egg-head' and a gentleman, and that the author appears to find nothing undesirable in either. But Mr. Buechner, like Miss Gordimer, is a great deal more than just a 'fine' writer: he builds his story and maintains his tension with electrifying skill, so that, for instance, at the end of the televised duel between Gibbs and the unspeakable Senator Farwell, with his regular-guyism, his Mom and his 'I'm afraid you are too subtle for me', we are as exhausted as if we had faced the lights and cameras ourselves. He creates his characters with the sure touch of a man who knows precisely what to leave to the reader's imagination and illumines, with a quick wild brilliance, their hidden depths by episodes that are seemingly irrelevant: the disclosure of the romance between

the knowing, epigrammatic and doom-smelling Aunt Louise and her dead 'Piggy' is a case of this. It is long since I read an American novel as satisfying on so many different levels, and with so refreshingly unpopular a point of view.

Monsieur Peyrefitte brings to the attachments of small boys a solemnity that the Vatican itself was unable to evoke in him. His *Special Friendships* is an immensely accomplished description of a Catholic boarding-school for the sons of the French nobility and *haute-bourgeoisie*. The rigid surveillance, countered by deceit and subterfuge: the pious absolutism that engenders hypocrisy: the nasty delation of pupils by their fellows, and the toadying: the pain of the young when first they are soiled by the prurient imaginings of their elders: all the horrid features of such establishments are set down here in painstaking detail.

It is, I think, a book probably accurate as to externals but false in the whole. What sets the teeth on edge is that Monsieur Peyrefitte writes from the childish point of view while no longer a child. He may rightly censure the folly or the injustice of those in authority, but he ought not, as he appears to do, to ignore the duties they undertake. As a man he must be aware that the step from the charming *Amitiés Particulières* to the less attractive *moeurs particuliers* is not always a long one; and as a novelist he would gain in conviction if he had given the Fathers credit for rather more genuine and loving anxiety for the boys in their charge. As for the story itself, he really makes too much of it. It would be interesting to know how many urchins in fact commit suicide because their loved one betrays them: even fewer, my guess is, than those who fail in examinations.

To be candid, at times Monsieur Peyrefitte comes dangerously near to being a bore. Once an author exhumes the anguish of boyhood it is all up with lightness, proportion and *l'esprit cartésien*; but as a piece of special pleading his novel deserves four stars, with a laurel wreath thrown in for the portrait of the hair-raising Father de Trennes. The translation is of the quality we can depend on from Mr. Hyams.

Finally, for those in search of pure entertainment, Mr. Charles' *A Pride of Relations* is warmly recommended. It conjures up a world of simple, total and unaffected lunacy that is truly delicious; and Mr. Osbert Lancaster's jacket is worthy of framing.

HONOR TRACY

PENSION POINTS: 2

Plans for a higher standard of state pensions and how this can best be achieved are being widely discussed. In this series of advertisements the Life Offices' Association and Associated Scottish Life Offices draw attention to some aspects of the problem which they believe to be important.

Pension rights of nine million workers

There are now some nine million workers in occupational pension schemes. Every one of them has a direct interest in any proposal for an extension of the National Pension scheme because of the effect that this might have on his individual pension rights and future benefits.

Increased state pensions might lead to reduced private benefits because if employers had to make bigger contributions to the state they might not be able or willing to continue with their own schemes even on a reduced scale. The impact of an extended state scheme might be such as to make other schemes unworkable.

Even if occupational schemes were permitted—on conditions—to operate as alternatives to any extended state scheme benefits, there would be serious financial and administrative difficulties which for many schemes would probably prove to be insurmountable.

Occupational schemes could also be prejudiced indirectly by the introduction of an over-ambitious state scheme which would add to inflationary pressure and so reduce the real value of benefits.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Brainwashing

THE HARD CURRENCY of television criticism is all too easily inflated. In a medium where everything is soon forgotten, the least you can do for something that was reasonably good is to call it memorable. As children we can all remember playing with those 'memo. pads' with a little metal lever; when you pressed it, the writing on the pad vanished out of sight and out of mind: so much today for the mahogany monster lurking in the corner of the room. I have already forgotten irretrievably so much that was so memorable.

Somehow, though, I cannot see myself ever forgetting the two programmes on 'Brainwashing' a week ago. Most of the films in the C.B.S. series on 'The Twentieth Century' have embalmed the near past, swathing the lived-through decades in their own film and their own music with an ironical commentary from Walter Cronkite. We have watched them complacently, shaking our heads, murmuring 'never again'. The reaction this time was a great deal less comfortably assured. The film consisted solely of people talking, re-living the whole experience in considerable detail with the aid of some sets of solitary prison cells. No one can have watched without at the same time trying to assess his own chances of resistance.

Only one person we saw had undergone an attempt to brainwash him in the sense of political indoctrination. He was Mr. Robert Ford, the British wireless operator captured in Tibet, who received the full treatment in a political prison after long months of solitary confinement. The aim with the others was to get them to make false confessions, and we heard from their own lips of the different pressures, mental and physical, that were brought to bear on them. Time is the invincible element in the situation; against its interminableness even courage, it would seem, is not enough; you need, as Dr. Edith Bone

showed, immense inward resources. Dr. Bone spent seven years in solitary confinement in Hungary, and by the end of it she found that 'the time passed very quickly'. She applied her mind most methodically to her situation. She made up poetry. She constructed a calculating machine out of splinters and prison bread. She worked out the number of words she knew in each of the languages that she speaks. She walked all the way home, twice, in her mind, while pacing her cell for exercise.

In 'Lifeline' after the News there was a discussion on the C.B.S. film. A consultant psychiatrist and a physician in psychological medicine gave an admirable sketch of the scientific background to the process, its relation to Pavlov's experiments with dogs and the fact that there are 'obvious limits to the brain's tolerance of the stresses and strains imposed upon it'.

Even more to the point was their questioning of Major Anthony Farrar-Hockley about his experience in North Korea, when he was captured in an attempt to escape, and his inspiring resistance to all forms of pressure, described by him with a most engaging modesty. There have been several previous attempts on the big screen and the small to convey what brainwashing means—such as Miss Bridget Boland's notable 'The Prisoner'—but they are now superseded by these grim, authentic accounts.

Marshal Tito was the subject of the fourth programme in the series of 'Portraits of Power' on Friday. The unpredictable and enigmatic position he holds in the whole international balance of power was well brought out and gave an air of intellectual suspense to an excellent factual half-hour. There are many Titos—the soldier in the first war, the partisan chief in the second, the seasoned Communist, the astute, brilliant politician, the ruthless authoritarian,

the rugged, courageous man of the people, the champagne-swilling head of state—and this portrait gave us a glimpse of them all, with a personal reminiscence of great interest from Sir Fitzroy Maclean and Robert McKenzie's commentary deftly focusing the attention on to the highlights and carefully withholding full admiration for the career of this man whose country owes him so much.

'Tonight' has been keeping an eye on the countryside in summer, but it was boys being boys who mono-



Marshal Tito, when he was leader of the Yugoslav partisans during the war: a scene from 'Portraits of Power' on June 6

polished the picture at home in a determined but, as it turned out, rather too crowded effort on June 3 in 'Outlook'. The object of the operation was stated clearly in the title, 'What is it like to be a boy in Govan?', and then we went straight up to Glasgow to find out from the huge mob of boys Jameson Clark found playing football, against the law, in a back-court between the tenements in the old part of Govan. Little distinguishes any one group of high-spirited boys seen *en masse* from any other. They were just what one would expect, unruly, vociferous, and they got in the way of the camera; it happened to be Govan but it could have been Eton or Belgrade. In the studio a representative of the National Playing Fields Association and the Director of Parks for Glasgow added their comments. Whatever may have been happening to Falstaff recently in one of our literary journals, on television it is at any rate still possible to hear people babbling of green fields and the sad lack of them now facing much of the growing youth of this country.

In case I should be acquiring the reputation of being an animalphobe I hasten to confess my great delight in 'The Story of the Giraffe' which was told by Mervyn Cowie and Peter Scott on Friday. You don't these days have to be a Swift to see the answer to brainwashing in the ordered, herdlike placidity of the lives of graceful creatures like these.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Summer Lightening

IN JUNE there is a shedding of the load of serious drama. It is assumed that sessions after Sunday supper need not invite us to a summit conference with the world's great minds and talents. Last Sunday's 'Touch Wood', a highly mobile piece by David Carr and David Stringer, was a happy example of the lightening process. It was good fun to follow the adventures of a Butter-bugers (or more exactly, in a press-button world, a Butter-thumbs) at large among the hazards of a mechanised society.



A scene from 'What is it like to be a boy in Govan?', in 'Outlook' on June 3



'Touch Wood', on June 8: (left to right) John Phillips as Colonel Davies, Tom Chatto as D.A.Q.M.G., Graham Crowden as Major Canning (D.A.D.M.S.), and Richard Gale as Captain Wilkinson



'French Without Tears', on June 7: (left to right) Alan MacNaughton as Lt. Commander Rogers, Kenneth Fortescue as Kit Neilan, Denholm Elliott as the Hon. Alan Howard (seated), and Patricia Raine as Diana Lake

Private Alexander Wood had just done his two years of National Disservice. Eagerly experimental, abundantly willing to please, he touched nothing that he did not put out of action. He was a charming lad: Alec McCowen, with his nervous likeability, was perfectly cast as the youth with green fingers in all but the gardener's sense. Wood's uncanny capacity for putting his well-intended spanner into extremely costly works was involving the army in gigantic losses. He had become the source of Questions in the House and a major pain in red necks under Brass Hats. Even the Prime Minister, with the Army Estimates to come, quailed at the news of further havoc.

Wood's after-discharge journey from Wales to Pinner became, despite strict observation, a riot of destruction. An hour in his company, while his anxious offerings of help with a pen-knife or a spanner were adding bust-up to break-down, was easy to appreciate: there were signs of drastic cutting of the story towards a scrambled ending, but it was wise to give a strict time-limit to the jest which would not have been improved by greater length.

Stuart Burge had collected some useful bits of film and a very useful company. John Phillips is an actor constantly on the screen and no less constantly capable: as the distraught Colonel of Wood's unit he provided a nice essay in mounting frenzy and bewilderment. The army psychiatrist, twitching with nerves and plainly a case for psychotherapy himself, was neatly touched off by Graham Crowden, and the army, in all ranks, was capitally keen in pursuance of its duties and of Private Wood.

André Van Gysegheem ably presented the headache in Whitehall and at Westminster, and Priscilla Morgan, as a W.R.A.C. caught up in the train of explosions, nicely mingled a light love-interest with the general chaos. But it was Mr. McCowen's bland simplicity that tied up the chain of accidents with a ribbon of charm. We are living at a time when 'Do It Yourself' is a sovereign slogan. Watching the example of Private Wood, one could decide that life has no terror like a handy man.

Terence Rattigan's 'French Without Tears' is a light comedy that has come of age, which is a dangerous period in the life of a light comedy. The idiom of social banter and repartee changes: the taste in all matters laughable alters too. Some of Rattigan's dialogue is of the type that used to be called 'Good enough for Punch'. Now our comedy-writers seem most

eager to be good enough for Bedlam. They take their cue from the fashionable Jonescu: they cultivate the wildly wayward and totally irresponsible: their world is moonstruck, whereas Rattigan's scene is a place in the sun and his humour genial, not grotesque.

Did the old favourite make new friends last Saturday? It might have made more, I fancied, if the players had shown the readiness to be absurd in an uninhibited way. The company carried on as though they wanted us to believe in the affair instead of revelling in a gay piece of nonsense, whose credibility does not matter at all. The naval man was made efficiently, but not ludicrously, stiff by Alan MacNaughton, while Denholm Elliott smoothed his part along without enough relish of the almost farcical proceedings. Patricia Raine took the all-important part of the 'vamp' at short notice and so can hardly be blamed for not achieving the glorious mischief of a Kay Hammond.

Rattigan had been preceded by 'Television Music-Hall', which might have been designed

to prove that Britain has nothing new to say in what was once its strong line. On the comedy side, the best came from an American, Hal Fisher. His elastic face and throat produced an astonishing range of grimaces and wheezes: American vaudeville is obviously not at its last gasp, as our music-hall seems to be, when Mr. Fisher is about—and gasping.

I trust that Leo Lehman's 'Common Room' series, well directed by Andrew Osborn, is winning a steadily increasing public. We have all been to school: did we all wonder what happened behind the door of the teachers' refuge from the classroom battle? If not, we can now find out. The problems and tensions dramatised have actuality: the types of 'beak', male and female (we are at a Secondary Modern 'co-ed') are plausibly drawn and played. The last item was of a light kind. A new 'head' arrived with a reputation as a disciplinarian: he was a misunderstood man. The discovery of his humanity was neat, and Ronald Adam, joining an excellent team, was in no less excellent form as the strong man with a weakness.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Past and Present

IT WOULD BE RASH to set any limit to the irrationalities of human imagination in real life. There are people, we have been recently reminded, who believe that Francis Bacon is still alive and writing other people's masterpieces for them. When Günter Eich tells how an ageing lady set out to find her admirer, the Portuguese poet Camoëns, who died of plague in Lisbon ten years before, he has something more in view than eccentricity. This German poet is, perhaps, writing in the tradition of Faust's intuition that damnation is the temptation to bid the fleeting moment to remain. Or, in a more fashionable formulation, 'The Rolling Sea at Setubal' (broadcast last week in the Third, in a translation by Michael Hamburger) is a fantasy about the finding of freedom from fixation.

Catarina's liberation is from the consequences of refusing to face the fact of death. At first, her fantastic certainty that Camoëns lives, not only in the poems he addressed to her but in himself, shakes the conviction of some of those who thought they knew otherwise; and there is an eerie scene between her and Camoëns' aged



Ralph Richardson in 'Flowering Cherry', a scene of which was televised direct from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, on June 5

mother, for whom her son is also in some sense still alive, which may remind us of a play of Pirandello's. Catarina peremptorily petitions the king to restore her lost youthful beauty—all that is needed to bring Camoëns back to her. The king dies overnight of the plague by which the poet perished. When she views the royal corpse and knows herself also to be smitten with the disease, Catarina's petition is strangely answered. She can repudiate the ten years of piously preserving memories, a death in life, and the final desperate pursuit of what no longer lives, and be in herself what she was at the crucial moment when she first turned her face away from reality. Losing Camoëns thus now she perhaps finds him again as he was then. She seems beautiful in the moonlight as she rides away on the donkey from the sepulchral tavern of 'The Golden Key' into the darkness where lies home and the sea, death and, perhaps, the tryst.

Written in too lyrical a style, 'The Rolling Sea at Setubal' might have come over as gloomy Gothic romance. Written as it was, the speakers' rational, ironic vigour contrasting oddly with the irrational intuitions they expressed and the strangely symbolic events in which they were involved, the effect was curiously compelling until the climax came. There it was imperative not only that the poet's meaning should be made plain to our groping imaginations but that the style should rise to carry our feelings with it. Herr Eich chose to leave his listeners to do most of the work, and it was perhaps asking rather too much of us. Christopher Holme, whose rendering of another imaginative modern German play, 'The Cicadas', in the Third last August I recall with pleasure, brought the same sensitive touch to his production of this one.

There was another attempt at an imaginative fantasy of the old living with their dead in the Third last week. This was the third James Hanley work to come my way in this column in recent months and if what I have to say of 'I Talk to Myself' is much the same, that may be because Mr. Hanley's writing really raises similar issues each time. Of his 'A Winter Journey' last February I observed, not unapologetically, that he came so close to challenging damaging comparison with Beckett and Dylan Thomas that I could do nothing but take it up. This is even more true of 'I Talk to Myself'. Virtually a soliloquy for a retired sea-captain, punctuated with the sound-effect of laborious limping, it was clearly influenced by 'All That Fall'. The captain himself inevitably recalled 'Under Milk Wood':

From where you are, you can hear their dreams. Captain Cat, the retired blind seacaptain, asleep in his bunk in the seashelled, ship-in-bottled, shipshape best cabin of Schooner House dreams of never such seas as any that swamped the decks of his S.S. *Kidwelly* bellying over the bedclothes and jellyfish-slippery sucking him down salt deep into the Davy dark where the fish come biting out and nibble him down to his wish-bone, and the long drowned nuzzle up to him.

It is no disgrace to Mr. Hanley that he cannot, any more than others, write as well as Dylan Thomas was writing there. Hanley's captain, recalling how he held hands in the park with a possibly phantasmal old crony, founders in the comparison. And his captain's soliloquy merely goes on until it leaves off, it does not rise to an apocalyptic definition of its theme as Beckett does in 'All That Fall'. This time John Gibson's production had the strange sounds well under control, with corresponding success in the few big ones and especially the storm of screaming gulls. Leo McKern, who was so good in Mr. Hanley's 'The Ocean' recently, treated us to the whole bag of tricks to make the captain 'a bit of a character' rather

than a microcosmic drama, which ultimately emphasised that the script itself was stranded.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Over to France

ONCE AGAIN FRANCE has dominated my week's listening. Never, surely, has so much been said by so many about one man who has been in power, incredible though it may seem, for just about a week. The feeling about de Gaulle seems to be one of relief at the *détente* mixed with some anxiety and uncertainty about the future. This was the main impression left by 'The French People Speak', a programme assembled from hundreds of interviews recorded all over France by Laurence Gilliam, Graham Jackson, Colin Wills, and Jacques Brunius, and put out on the Home Service on June 4 in place of an advertised feature. Considering that this material was rushed together, all concerned deserve to be congratulated on having covered so much ground so quickly. There was inevitably some repetition; the selection of opinion, too, was naturally mainly from English-speaking citizens, though M. Brunius, who covered Marseilles, was able to translate for us some conversations he had with one of those ubiquitously articulate taxi-drivers who always crop up in crises.

Against a background of furious motor-horns in the ironically named Place de la Concorde, rose the rhythmic rival choruses: '*Algérie française*' and '*De Gaulle au musée*'. After the hundreds of individual voices which divided and weakened the Fourth Republic, it sounded as though the French nation was at last divided into two camps. Most people support de Gaulle, though some left-wingers only do so *faute de mieux*. One university teacher in Lille said: 'I do not trust the army officers in North Africa who disobeyed the lawful Government'. The implication was clear: if they did it once, they can still try it again. It was ominous, too, that some Frenchmen spoke of '*les Paras*' almost as though they were a foreign army which might invade France.

The extreme left is nominally opposed to de Gaulle, but only one speaker suggested the possibility of an alternative government, a grand alliance of the left, under Moch, perhaps, or Mitterand; and even he did not sound very convinced. De Gaulle remains, for most of his countrymen, the only real hope, even though it may be, in one speaker's phrase, 'a hope based on a hope'.

But the big question mark was still Algeria. Radical deputy Pierre Clostermann, wiping the television make-up off his face (it is remarkable to reflect that some of these experts must by now have given their views for half a dozen different programmes), said that if the General could not solve this key problem, then nobody could. In Thursday's 'Radio Link', Jean de Lipkowsky, another left-wing deputy who supports de Gaulle, was equally hopeful; Raymond Aron was more sceptical. Both speakers in Paris dealt very interestingly, under Robert McKenzie's able chairmanship, with some sympathetic but fairly puzzled questions from Wilhelm von Cornides in Cologne and Donald McKay in Cambridge, Mass. The latter voiced American concern about the possible effects of events in France on the orthodoxies of the Atlantic alliance. MM. Aron and Lipkowsky were reassuring, but seemed understandably to be primarily interested in domestic affairs. It was as if they were giving the rest of the world a lecture on the Frenchness of the French crisis.

After so much speculation, it made a change to get back to the past, in Sunday's programme 'Dunkirk'. This was a piece of classic old-fashioned documentary, using mainly profes-

sional actors (why do they always sound so unconvincing when playing Rommel or Churchill?). But it was very honest, and pulled no punches. I suppose legends have grown up round 'Operation Dynamo', though I'm not sure it was a good idea to have a callow young innocent asking questions and getting his head bitten off with snarls of 'What rubbish', 'Get that clear', etc. But that was the only false touch, and we had less and less of it as the actual narrative got into its tremendous stride: first the military campaign (a map in *Radio Times* would have helped here) and the terrible failure of the French command; then the evacuation itself, brilliantly written up by David Divine from archives and eye-witness accounts, with no fake heroics or Mrs. Miniver sentimentality (I don't believe the phrase 'the little ships' was used once) and no underplaying of our own losses. The final word-picture of the last boat sailing home and the French rearguard crawling out from the Dunkirk cellars to surrender to the Germans was very moving.

K. W. GRANDSEN

MUSIC

Opera from Glyndebourne

THE SEASON AT GLYNDEBOURNE has opened with Gluck's 'Alceste' and Verdi's 'Falstaff', which were relayed in the Third Programme on the last two Sundays. It would be difficult to find two operas at once so diverse in character and yet conforming to the same fundamental artistic principles. 'Alceste' is grave, slow, and statuesque; 'Falstaff' is quicksilver. But Verdi, no less than Gluck, sees to it that the music shall never get in the way of the dramatic action, but shall be used as a vehicle to carry it forward. By the end of his life he had abandoned set forms and conventional closes even more completely than Gluck abandoned the *da capo* aria of his contemporaries. In 'Falstaff' aria and recitative are dissolved into a continuous arioso, whether for solo or ensemble, with the orchestra picking up and continuing the vocal phrases. The result is immensely witty and rapid in movement.

The static 'Alceste', which deals with a single situation, suffers less from a broadcast than Verdi's intricate comedy woven out of half-a-dozen interlocking intrigues. We can easily imagine the noble gestures of Alcestis, the solemn movements of the chorus approaching the shrine, the all too futile protests of the unfortunate Admetus. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that there is too little variety in Gluck's opera. The people are continually mourning either for Admetus' impending demise or for Alcestis' self-sacrifice, except in the rather unconvincing rejoicings of the second act which opens with what must surely be one of the feeblest pages in a great masterpiece.

Vittorio Gui, who conducted both operas with equal success, brought great breadth and dignity of expression to 'Alceste'. There was never a moment's doubt that we were present at high tragedy, and he secured from the chorus on the stage a splendidly clean attack—the opening of the first act was startling in its dramatic power. There was a newcomer to the part of Alcestis, Consuelo Rubio, who has won high praise from some of my colleagues for her dignity of bearing and subtle acting. Vocally she seemed to me rather uneven, though the lower part of her voice is very beautiful and she is capable of phrasing slow music most expressively. '*Ah! malgré moi mon faible coeur partage*' in Act II was most movingly shaped, but when she came to the Andante the words seemed to get in her way, and the phrasing went to pieces. So, too, '*Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice*', she did not really pronounce in any repetition of the phrase

a single one of the words (set to semiquavers) between the first word and the last. It is, perhaps, a matter of not being born to and bred up in the French language.

In Gluck's operas the true declamation of French is of paramount importance, as Robert Massard (the only French singer in the cast) proved to us by his immensely dramatic performance as the Chief Priest, which raised the scene in the temple to a new height of grandeur. Richard Lewis, whose declamation is not quite authentic, nevertheless pronounced his words clearly and managed to convey the anguish of the helpless Admetus.

Italian comes easier than French to English-speaking singers, and Geraint Evans' Falstaff is

now wholly admirable in this respect as well as in vocal power. He does not, perhaps, roll the savour of oburgation on his tongue as Mariano Stabile used to do at the beginning of Act III. But he has greatly enriched and subtilised his performance, while keeping the character well within the bounds of comedy—limits that his two retainers are now unhappily permitted to transgress. Professor Ebert seems here too intent on matching every phrase in the music and every word in the text with some movement or gesture. He thereby defeats his own ends, and one was glad of the opportunity of listening to a performance without all the fuss.

As a musical performance it was, indeed, better than ever, with every detail in the orches-

tral score and in those quick and elaborate ensembles perfectly placed. There was never a moment's confusion or gabble. Of the newcomers to the cast, Ilva Ligabue (Mrs. Ford) is a valuable accession with a beautiful voice and a sense of fun. Graziella Sciutti made, as one would expect, a charming Nannetta, though the high *tessitura* of her fairy-song obviously bothered her, as it has taxed so many other sopranos. Oralia Dominguez sounded fruitier (and funnier) than ever as Quickly, and Fernanda Cadoni gave an amusing individuality to the lesser wife. Mario Borriello's fine-voiced and dramatic Ford was a distinct accession to the company whose chief virtue is its liveliness and precision in ensemble.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Delius—Twenty Years After

By DONALD MITCHELL

'Song of the High Hills' will be broadcast on Sunday, June 15, at 3.35 p.m.; 'Dance Rhapsody No. 2' on Tuesday, June 17, at 3.45 p.m.; and 'The Walk to the Paradise Garden' on Friday, June 20, at 12 noon (all Home Service)

DELIUS died in 1934; as Ernest Newman wrote on June 17 of that year, 'Elgar, Holst, and now Delius! This is a year of mourning for English music'.

How does Delius' music stand in 1958, after more than twenty years in the public ear? It is instructive, perhaps, first to see how it stood with Delius' admirers when the composer was still alive. Cecil Gray, in the very book (*A Survey of Contemporary Music*, 1924) in which Stravinsky was dismissed 'as one of the most remarkable examples of insolence and charlatan-ism in the history of art', extolled Delius' choral and orchestral works as 'unsurpassed by any composer since Beethoven in this medium'. But this claim, large as it was, was topped by Peter Warlock in his book on Delius (1923), who wrote that 'A Mass of Life'—a 'work of epic grandeur', a 'colossal work, without a doubt the greatest musical achievement since Wagner'—was 'a Mass worthy to rank beside the great Mass of Sebastian Bach'. One blushes now for Warlock, even thirty-five years after the commitment of that preposterous statement to print.

Probably that kind of exaggeration would not be encountered today—at least, one hopes not. Delius, as it were quietly, but none the less firmly, has been allotted a place among those minor figures in European music who have contributed something distinctive to the art they practise but not made major art themselves. He has, in fact, become a part of history, but a rather smaller part than some of his most ardent disciples might have imagined.

This decisive reappraisal of Delius, no less decisive because unaccompanied by published criticism—affirmations of taste move in mysterious but often extraordinarily right-headed ways—need not necessarily mean that we understand his idiom any better (understand in a historical sense, that is). I suspect, indeed, that many a Delius lover, while acknowledging the 'new look', i.e., the slender proportions of his composer's achievement, might well talk about the music in the terms that were current in the 'twenties and later.

Gray, for example, helps to foster what I cannot but feel to be a strange illusion—the 'English' spirit of Delius' music, by which Gray undoubtedly also means the style, the idiom, since he says how 'unmistakably English' are the two pieces for small orchestra (1912), 'in spite of the fact that the first of these two latter happens . . . to be based on a Norwegian folk-song'. It was only recently in

THE LISTENER (January 23) that I plugged the opposite point of view. May I be forgiven a short self-quotation? Delius, I wrote, was 'a composer working in a thoroughly European, late-romantic convention', 'much more cosmopolitan and un-English than Elgar, even', in whom we find 'the squeezing—and refining—of the last drops of Wagnerian sonorities and textures'. There is room, I think, for a close study of Delius' debt to Wagner, to the ultimate, glowing chromaticism of some parts of 'Parsifal', which are so strikingly exploited in Delius (where a few bars of Wagner are, so to speak, worked up into a whole composition), and, of course, to 'Tristan and Isolde', upon which Delius' 'A Village Romeo and Juliet' is modelled.

I use that last word advisedly, for 'Romeo and Juliet', despite its singularity, does reveal upon examination, a quite intense relation to Wagner's masterpiece, a relation which is not a matter of 'spirit' (not an English spirit, in any case!), but a demonstrable musical relation; compare, for example, the duet of Delius' doomed lovers with Isolde's *Liebestod*, the duet's model—there is not only an identity of dramatic situation but, much more importantly, a specific likeness in melodic shapes (as elsewhere in the opera).

How does the paradox resolve itself? Or, more pressing question, how does it arise? For a start, I think, it is tied up with our own misconceptions of Wagner who was not only extraordinarily grand in his total designs and in the kind of sounds he unleashed, but also grand in detail, in filigree-like texture and delicate sonority: he was both noble elephant and nervous gazelle. A whole crowd of German composers, Strauss pre-eminent, and even some British—Holbrooke, early Holst—chose to follow the elephant; Delius, with his over-delicate ear and tiny interior life, chose to follow—more than that, to excavate—one aspect of Wagner the miniaturist and impressionist.

This topic, in one sense, is intimately bound up with the vexed question of form in Delius' music. Have his works form or have they not? Opinions have varied. We have Constant Lambert's view (1934) that not even Delius' greatest admirer could describe him 'as a master of form'. Ernest Newman, on the other hand, has contended—also in 1934—that Delius' music 'has a form, and a perfectly adequate form, of its own'. Gray, in 1924, rather oddly commented that the 'Songs of Sunset', like 'Sea Drift', have 'no determinable form';

and yet it is just in the choral and dramatic works, and perhaps particularly in 'Sea Drift', that the necessity to serve text or libretto does impose upon the composer certain formal obligations which are 'determinable'—though whether successfully shouldered by him or no is another question altogether.

But it is not in the choral works or operas that the formal problem is prominent in Delius' music. There, we can at least decide whether the forms are viable or inadequate. Elsewhere, often, we wonder whether form may be discussed with any meaning whatsoever; and it is in loose, smaller works for orchestra, more atmospheric than programmatic, in which Delius' genius possibly finds its most perfect expression.

These shorter pieces—frequently, in the more ambitious works, instrumental interludes have the same character as the independent orchestral essays—are not really susceptible of analysis as 'forms'. They are rhapsodic improvisations built round a sonority or series of sonorities that had gripped Delius' ear and fired his imagination, an imagination which was stimulated not by melody but, rather, hypnotised by harmony—or, more accurately harmonies, since harmony implies harmonic movement, tonal structure, in which Delius was little interested, if at all. Without doubt the precedent for those wonderful chains of melting, changing, softly textured chords, one colour fading into another with the versatility of a sunset, Delius encountered in later Wagner, in 'Tristan', in 'Parsifal', where incandescent, protracted cadences or patches of tonally fluctuating harmonic impressionism are a minor but peculiarly memorable feature of the great man's style. The strictly circumscribed area of feeling which was creatively fruitful for Delius discovered therein its exact counterpart in sound—as aurally gratifying as it was emotionally. (The limitations of Delius' idiom and characteristic mood are real, not, as some of his disciples have suggested, fanciful. Few composers of genius have been so restricted in scope.) If we listen to, say, the Good Friday music from 'Parsifal' and then to something by Delius, perhaps the interlude from 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', I think the line of succession, the model upon which Delius ceaselessly elaborated, becomes clear (much of Delius' ravishing use of the woodwinds he owes to Wagner's example). One might say, in fact—with due exaggeration—that to date, Delius has been the only German impressionist in the history of music.

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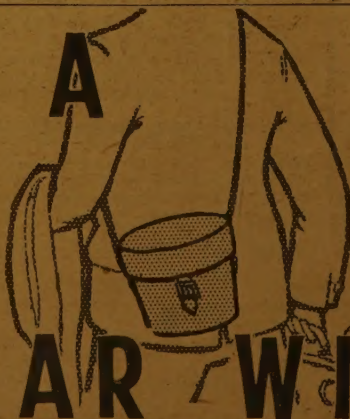


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